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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

The Irish campaign of outrage and murder has now spread to England. Cotton warehouses in Liverpool were fired on Saturday night, and a youth who was aiding the police was shot. M.P.'s and their families have been threatened; police protection has been enlarged; and armed men are on duty at Government offices. At the beginning of the week barricades were put up in Whitehall, and all strangers were excluded from the House of Commons, even from the Outer Lobby, which generally holds a crowd of visitors. It seems certain that the authorities prevented an attack on the House by getting news of it beforehand. On Monday in the Cork district a patrol of 17 were ambushed, and 15 killed and hacked with axes by a large party dressed in khaki with steel helmets. This kind of outrage would have been impossible in the days of Homer.

It is evident that General Macready has got the brains of Sinn Fein under lock and key, for the latest outrages were as ill-advised as they were dastardly. All big movements, national, religious or political, depend on sympathy, and the incidents of the last few days have estranged from Sinn Fein many a supporter, covert or overt. Outrages in England will not be tolerated. Liverpool was never proud of Scotland Road, poor, dirty, and dissolute as it has always been; but if her hospitality is abused as it was on Sunday, there will be short shrift for the alien she would gladly be without.

If the Irish think by any such means to terrorise the English people, they are making a grave mistake, worthy of the German mind. John Bull is slow to move, but, once excited to action, he is the most stubborn of foes. Arson and murder, applied by Zeppelins and aeroplanes, only fortified his resolution during the war. Applied by Irish rebels, they will only bring a stiffer reckoning. If the outrages continue, the people of London may well make an "Application for firearm Certificate under the Firearms Act, 1920," or in com-

mon English, seek the right to carry a revolver, and use it, if need be. It is a thousand pities that things have been allowed to come to this pass; but, if it is going to be what Mr. Galsworthy calls a "skin-game," the English can play it. Meanwhile Sir Hamar Greenwood assures the House of Commons that "no one longs more ardently than I do for the end of the 'gun-men.'"

We gather that information concerning forthcoming plans for outrages in England was obtained by opening letters which were subsequently closed again, and sent on their way. This is not an expedient which can be commended in ordinary circumstances, or in a civilised world. But Ireland at present is not that, and in the present state of war between the rebel Irish and the forces of the Crown—the word "war" is Mr. Lloyd George's belated recognition of the situation—it is fully justified. Letters were similarly opened in the 'eighties, when Fenians were active, and Fawcett was Postmaster-General. This led to the remark by Ashton Dilke, "Hang it all! When we had a blind Postmaster, we did not think he would open our letters!"

Before 800 members of the Federation of British Industries on Tuesday, the Prime Minister cut a very sorry figure. Facile oratory left his audience cold. They asked for figures and estimates, he offered platitudes; for a programme he substituted the optimism of the hustings. Tuesday's meeting at the Hotel Cecil put us no forrader. The business community are in need of assurances and guarantees. They are prepared to embark on commercial ventures and industrial experiment, provided a fair return is obtained for their enterprise and energy. No man is going to take today's enhanced risks, if his labours are to produce only fodder for the fools and knaves of a so-called democratic Government. With the figures of the supplementary estimates scarcely dry, the Prime Minister could hardly speak with conviction. With an unbroken record of capital taxation, he could offer but lip service to the manufacturers and traders to whom the Chancellor of



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the Exchequer looks for his salvation. It will presently be discovered that votes have cost the Government too much.

It looks as if our paragraph of last week on the navy building department was prophetic. Sir Percy Scott has raised a scare. The country is in danger. We want more ships. Perhaps we do, but what we want is someone whom we can trust to get for the taxpayer value for money in ships and everything else. Sir Percy Scott may be a competent prophet, but we now know him also as a shrewd man of business to whom armaments have brought £.s.d. in considerable volume. There is nothing doing in armaments these days. No fat contracts are being handed out to the favoured few, and they want them. Unless the League of Nations can effect a miracle, we must continue to build ships and guns, but we are not to be stampeded into large Navy estimates by men of divided interests or the press agents of armament contractors. If the war cost us much, let us at least learn its lessons in this.

On the banks of the River Clyde stands to-day an object-lesson to all. It is an empty ship-building berth—empty for the first time in a quarter of a century. Empty berths have been few on Clydeside, and for many years they have been unknown. The gaping void was once familiar enough, but it aroused unpleasant thoughts, and some concern in those who appreciated its full significance. Ships are now too dear to pay their way, and there will be more empty berths before long, both on Clyde and Tyne side, and unemployment will be rife. With wages where they are, there is little hope for our ship-building. Even the popular passenger steamers are being run on too small a margin. Shipowners will never build "on spec." Time was when one could build a ship for £50. That was a common saying in Glasgow, where once banks were ready to finance a ship from start to finish. On such terms the greatest of our industries was founded and flourished.

Banks will not now finance industrial speculation. Until they do, we shall never see the enterprise and energy of fifty years ago. Restricted credit will drive all small concerns into the arms of the huge combines which are already a menace to the nation's peace. That way lie high prices, inefficiency and waste. Trusts and trade combinations cannot exist without protection, and when we see protection urged as a desirable thing for our welfare, we may guess with some assurance that we are at the end of our resources. Theoretically, combinations in trade or industry may be feasible, but not in practice. They are levers in the hands of a few, and, human nature being what it is, they are used for undesirable purposes.

There is an ingenious scheme afloat to form combinations, trusts, rings, or whatever one may call them, wherein labour shall have its share. Theoretically again, this sounds excellent, but it is even more pernicious than the other. All trusts tend towards high prices, and this kind more than any. It would matter little, were we in no need of outside trade, but we look to the open market for our profits, and there we must be beaten. We are in need of credit and trading facilities. Provided the individual is competent, industrious and enterprising, he should have credit sufficient for the needs of his venture. This is a vital matter for a country such as ours. E.P.D. and the credit restrictions of the banks are discouraging the vigour and initiative of our traders. The former discourages the individual, and the latter render his position untenable. Money must be found for industrial enterprise, and the most convenient channel is through the joint stock banks, which for many years have failed in this respect.

How primitive, after all, are the workings of foreign diplomacy! Tino the deposed is to return to the land of his adoption, to the delectable climate of Athens, while M. Venizelos, the defeated statesman, leaves

Greece on board the palatial steam yacht of a wealthy shipping magnate, who, like many another Greek, has not been impoverished by the war. If it is the wish of Greece that this should be so, the Allies cannot well interfere, the self-determination of a nation having their advertised support. But Greece, little as she did to earn them, was promised rich rewards—at the expense of Turkey and Bulgaria. Here the Allies may fairly say, Have your pro-German king if you will, but pay for him with the rich lands of Thrace and Smyrna. We backed the wrong horses in the Near East. The soldier who fought him respects the Turk, an honourable and courageous enemy. He loves less his allies of Greece and Armenia.

Glasgow does not like being made to look ridiculous. Pussyfoot has managed to make her do so, and "dry" is accordingly a sore word in the ears of the citizens. When alcohol or no alcohol was put to the vote, the city supported tradition and went wet, as Americans say. But not quite. Some districts (of course, those which do not matter) went dry. As most boundaries are streets, strange sights are now being witnessed by the irate inhabitants. Thus on one side of a road all licensed premises are closed, while on the other vendors of strong drinks are thriving exceedingly. People resident in a dry district have just to cross a road or take a short walk in order to obtain what refreshment they require. The whole position is absurd, unfair and ridiculous. It is the last side of it which the people feel so keenly, and as ridicule kills, Master Pussyfoot is extremely unpopular in Glasgow.

Londoners have witnessed some strange pageants during the past few weeks. First there was the funeral of the suicide, Lord Mayor MacSwiney, when a respectful crowd watched the cortège as it passed through their streets, attended by rebel soldiers and priests false to their faith. Once more the "man in the street" stood bare-headed, as the body of the Unknown Warrior was taken to the Abbey of Westminster through streets lined with countless thousands. Another pause, and yet again John Citizen doffed his hat, and stood respectfully by, as the remains of the officers murdered in cold blood by Sinn Féin were carried past. A day or two elapses, and once more the public are hailed to the procession—to witness the advertisers' "stunts," animated advertisements of sauce, soap and patent pills. The subjects of interest are widely different, but are the objects far apart? The advertiser does not want the public to think; if they swallow, his object is achieved.

On Monday a small but important company of Americans visited the Advertisers' Exhibition at the White City. They had come to Europe to study publicity, and on Sunday they crossed from Belgium in order to study British methods of advertising at the carnival in Olympia. Throughout their tour of northern Europe they travelled *incogniti* and without guides, relying upon their own impressions rather than upon suggestions. Belgium found more favour than did our exhibition. The crowds attracted by the promise of lottery prizes and free samples did not appeal to them. They knew the dollar value of such crowds in their own country. It was the solid backing of goods for money in busy Belgium that struck them most. The cheap yet well-produced publicity of that little country they found supported by goods of greater value than ours, and because of that, Belgium got their highest meed of praise. They know, as we should know, that good value in workmanship and material is the best and most lasting of advertisements.

One of the most unsatisfactory war transactions is undoubtedly that which led to our exposure of the Dope Syndicate in our issue of 3rd August, 1918. By some occult means, however, the Dope Syndicate faded into oblivion, and no more was heard of it. Mr. Grant Morden, the Canadian financier, who was so largely interested, became a M.P. of the Coalition sort,

turning his attention, at the same time, to journalistic enterprise. But so huge a concern as the British Cellulose and Chemical Manufacturing Company was difficult to hide, so the Government took the unusual course of accepting shares in lieu of money owing, an incomprehensible proceeding sharply criticised at the time. Having always been interested in this remarkable adventure, we have followed the Company's share fluctuations with curiosity, not unmingled with misgiving. The strength of the share market suggested good trading, but the position was puzzling. Up till Wednesday the price of the shares stood at about 18s., having ranged between 31s. 3d. and 9s. 6d. The crash came on Tuesday, when the Directors had to explain a loss for the year up to June 30th of £237,739! According to the Articles of Association the original directors remain in office until the general meeting of 1923, but Mr. Grant Morden and two others have retired. What we cannot understand is why the shares rose so sharply last month. This scandal was side-tracked once; it cannot again be so treated.

It is a good idea to utilize the water-power of our rivers and tides. The Severn has the greatest tidal rise and fall of our rivers, and offers every inducement for the experiment. If power generating is successful there, it could be carried out at other centres. Over a century ago, half-tide mills were working at various ports on the English coast, and one or two remain to this day. To harness the tide on a large scale, however, has hitherto baffled our engineers. The areas and masses are so large that most have shunned the problem. With sufficient time and capital, however, the scheme is feasible, and should certainly be carried out. One injustice, however, we foresee, if the capital is to be derived from public funds, and that is, the unfair competition which will arise between different districts. If, for instance, the Severn Valley gets electric power at one halfpenny per unit, how can manufacturers compete in other parts of the country where the unit costs fourpence? However, let us get the power first, and settle that later. The cheapened unit will be a national asset.

Last week we received in envelopes marked "On His Majesty's Service," three exactly similar notices at once. This is a specimen of the lavish way in which official publications are distributed. The cost of paper at present is very high, but the world of officials does not seem to care how much it wastes in the way of printing, or how it adds unnecessarily to the postman's loads, to say nothing of the expense of an extra wastepaper basket. Perhaps the supply of official literature is so large that it is sent in triplicate, just to get rid of it, to anybody who might conceivably glance at it. This wholesale waste of paper needs investigation, even if it supplies Government typists with something to do.

Everybody ought to see 'The Beggar's Opera,' which is flourishing in 1920 as it did in 1728. Those who have done so will appreciate the clever skit on it in the Christmas number of *Truth*, the 'Westminster Beggar's Opera,' in which politicians and press magnates take the place of Macheath, Peachum, and their band of skilful malefactors. As Peachum sings at the beginning:—

"The statesman, because he's so great,
Thinks his Trade as honest as mine."

The large plates are particularly good, and we admire Mr. Lloyd George as Macheath holding a collection of Bills, poor babies who have been rather neglected by their parent.

We have received a bleat of a page and a half 'To Englishmen with a Conscience,' which emanates from the *Tägliche Rundschau* of Berlin, and is concerned with "The Robbery of Our Colonies." This piece of German propaganda does not seem likely to appeal to many. That, however, is not our concern. What we

do object to is a quotation which purports to come from the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, and from the pen of "Henry Nevison" (sic), who is supposed to have reviewed in our columns General Lettow Vörbeck's 'Reminiscences of East Africa.' Mr. Henry W. Nevison, who seems to be indicated, never reviewed the volume mentioned in the *SATURDAY REVIEW*; he is not, and so far as we are aware, never was, a member of our staff. Consequently we must repudiate the passage which is cited as from the *SATURDAY REVIEW*. Whether it has any existence elsewhere we do not know. But we think a German who appeals to "Englishmen with a Conscience," might have enough of his own not to forge statements from our columns.

It appears that the place for the much advertised fight between Dempsey and Carpentier is not yet settled. Mr. Cochran, who declared a short while ago that he had cleared out of the business of promoting boxing matches, now states that he has everything fixed up for the fight in England, including the erection of a huge arena to hold 100,000 people on a certain site near London. Is it in the Woking district, where fourteen people (four adults and ten children) have, it appears, been occupying a cottage with two bedrooms? A more outrageous example than this of luxury building was never proposed. Just for two pugilists to earn fortunes, the American, it is said, £80,000, and the Frenchman, £40,000!

Everyone knows that plenty of people with serious business to do cannot find houses to live in, and that dwellings of any kind are lacking for many to-day, because there is not enough labour to put them up. If Dr. Addison is not firm enough to stop buildings which are not needed, such as new cinemas, and this huge arena (perhaps for a ten minutes' show), he should give up his control. As the chairman of the Woking magistrates remarked last week, if they did not build houses to-day, they would have to build hospitals to-morrow. The way in which the Government has allowed fortunes to be made is a scandal; and to-day it goes on yielding to forces representing big money instead of considering the welfare of the people.

The freedom of the city of Edinburgh was conferred on Tuesday on Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, one of the inventors who have changed the world, since he produced the telephone. Though its use has become in some people a nervous habit with annoying results, it is obviously of immense importance as a convenience. The first long-distance transmission of human speech was made at Brantford, in Canada, in 1876. Since then, progress has been rapid. We can annihilate time and space, and make two talkers happy. But all the improvements of science do not seem to make the London telephone a success. Ours conceals familiar voices, and occasionally renders them quite inaudible. This is, perhaps, just as well when there are gentlemen about who call us up, instead of the doctor, to say that they think they have typhoid fever.

The Dean of St. Paul's packed more learning into his ten minutes speech at the Lyceum Club on Monday evening than we have often found in ten pages on war poetry. Homer he found very inferior to Aeschylus in his vision of war as a chivalrous and splendid thing, and his eulogium of the 'Persae,' the work of a soldier-poet, was thrilling. Tyrtæus also he passed under review, but omitted the story of the Spartan warriors singing his splendid elegies round the camp fires. And so (as Mr. Pepys would say) to the English, from Shakespeare to Rupert Brooke. Two odd omissions in such a connexion were Tennyson and Campbell. Neither was the implied disparagement of Henry V.'s speech on the eve of Agincourt by describing it as a favourite in the estimation of General Ludendorff, one of the Dean's happier strokes. But the speech was notable, rather finicking, as usual, in manner, but pertinent in matter.

A LABOUR POLICY.

WE have had so many inchoate schemes of reformation, reconstruction, and revolution put before the country by the "intellectuals" of the Labour Party, that in one sense Mr. J. H. Thomas deserves gratitude for stating exactly what he believes a Labour Government will stand for.* Whether his views will obtain the votes which are the only title to gratitude in his own or any other party, is another matter; but at least he writes plainly, for the plain man, and there are none of those ambiguities which timid politicians love. He says exactly what he means, and has done with it—a quite extraordinary virtue which we can only ascribe to his having never held office, and which might almost be regarded as a proof that he expects never to hold office. If ever he becomes Prime Minister, his book will rise up against him as a most inconvenient ghost.

As regards the Constitution, indeed, his position is clear and almost conservative. The Crown, of course, remains as at present, for "in many respects the workers are even more conservative than the Conservatives, and in none are their views more steadfastly established than on this question of the head of the State; and, notwithstanding heated controversies on almost every subject under the sun, no question of republicanism as a serious proposition ever finds a place in Labour discussions." As regards Parliament, the House of Lords as it stands must go, but Mr. Thomas favours an Upper Chamber of three hundred members, either elected on a large geographical basis, or chosen from the House of Commons by proportional representation. Peers and bishops (and even priests, as Mr. Thomas mentions in a parenthesis) would be eligible for election. Of the House of Commons, curiously enough, he has nothing whatever to say, probably because he thinks it is good enough for all practical purposes; nor, still more curiously, does he discuss either the Church or the law.

These omissions are unfortunate, as detracting from the authority and completeness of the book. It is understood that Labour generally stands for disestablishment and at least partial disendowment of the Church; it has said as rude things about the law as the rest of us, in spite of its nursing the admirable Mr. Hemmerde as a possible future Lord Chancellor; but we doubt whether any political party will win an election without defining its attitude towards both the Establishment and legal reform.

It is when we get to economics and finance that the fur begins to fly. He believes in nationalisation: "land, the mines, the railways, canals, shipping, probably also through the municipalities the supply of milk and bread—these essentials must all be under the absolute direction of the State." The liquor trade is also to be bought out—the purchase price being calculated at the pre-war value—and run by the Government. Restrictions on the sale of drink are to remain, but there is no room for Pussyfoot in the Labour scheme.

Every man is entitled to postulate his principles, as long as they are not demonstrably absurd, without proof; but it is not fair to advance subsequent propositions as though they were self-evident axioms. Mr. Thomas, from his own point of view, is perfectly justified in professing a belief in nationalisation, as Mr. Cox is, for instance, in believing in private enterprise. But Mr. Thomas proceeds to tell us that "Nationalisation will decrease the cost of the commodity to every one, it will leave allowance for a system of wages in advance of those appertaining to-day; and even then a margin which will go into the national exchequer and thus relieve taxation." We confess that we should like some proof of these rather considerable assumptions.

Since nationalisation is to yield a profit and relieve taxation on page 55, it gives the reader rather a shock to discover on page 153 that "we shall increase the death duties enormously." Nor is the relief of taxa-

tion to reduce the income-tax, for on the previous page the income-tax is defended as a thing that "develops citizenship, and brings home to everyone a consciousness of their necessary contribution and their liability to the State." Nobody is likely to deny that he is conscious of the income-tax to-day, but the best Mr. Thomas can promise us in the future is the assurance that "it is doubtful if it would go any higher than it is to-day to the average man, though, of course, we should insist on the extremely wealthy man paying a much greater proportion than he does now." Four paragraphs later we discover that "we shall not have so many wealthy men, but, instead, very many more men comfortably off."

Frankly, we think that Mr. Thomas has contrived to get himself into a muddle here. Income-tax and death duties are to yield more, and nationalisation is to add to the Treasury's resources; the Army and Navy are to be reduced. What is he going to do with the money? It is true that the Civil Service will be increased by the process of nationalisation, but that is to be paid for out of the industries nationalised, as part of the overhead expenditure which will be more than compensated by the increased production that is to ensue when "all are for the State." There is also to be a national theatre which is not expected to pay, art being a tricky business. But even a National Theatre can hardly swallow up a whole national surplus. After all, somebody will go to the performances, and Mr. Thomas does not hint that all seats will be free. The deadhead is not to be nationalised.

It would have helped us to understand these proposals a good deal, had Mr. Thomas thought fit to give a specimen budget—not necessarily in pounds, shillings, and pence, which are so uncomfortably concrete, but in those algebraic formulae of $x+7+3$ with which Mr. Lloyd George brought Mr. Smillie to his knees when discussing the miners' output. He would have made the system of taxation he proposes much clearer, and incidentally have helped us to criticise it. As it is, we do not envy the man who is to be the Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nor do we view with any satisfaction the prospect of university extension for adults, which is to swallow up some of the surplus.

One wholly unexpected consideration emerges from the book. A scheme has been put forward for divided Government, a local Parliament for home and social affairs, and an Imperial Parliament for defence, foreign, and colonial affairs. If that scheme were ever carried out, it strikes us that Mr. Thomas would more easily get a majority in the latter than the former. On Imperial matters he is very much the ordinary intelligent Englishman of Liberal principles; on domestic questions he is—well, he is not.

THE DIETING OF MAN AND BEAST.

IT will not, we hope, be considered an unpardonable insult to the medical profession to say that many or most of its members know mighty little about the proper dieting of a person in fairly good health. It is, indeed, altogether natural that this should be so. For why should these worthy folk trouble themselves much about any such matter? Heaven knows they have quite enough to do to prescribe the menus for those of their patients who are seriously ill, and eliminate from them any aliments which they know, or suspect, to be in each case noxious. If you sit next to a physician at luncheon or dinner, you are likely to be rather surprised to see how freely he partakes of dishes which you happen to be sure he ought to avoid, how often he chooses the wine or other liquid unsuitable to the food he happens to be taking; and sometimes, if the viands are tempting, how, sad to say, he goes on with his feast after he has evidently had as much as he can comfortably digest. He would not feel flattered, if you suggested or supposed that in so acting he was putting into practice the maxim—"Fiat experimentum, etc." It is quite permissible to believe, if one likes, that "the proper study of mankind is man." But it would be a great mistake

*When Labour Rules. By the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P. Collins. 10s.

to imagine that the proper study of a medical man is a man in ordinary health. What he knows and cares about are the unhealthy. Putting out of account a few rather hypochondriacal females and the *malades imaginaires*, a person sound in wind and limb does not go to consult a doctor. No: to discover, not how to restore health, but how to improve it to the utmost one should go, not to the physician, but to the keeper and trainer of men and other creatures who are being prepared for competition in a fair field for some prize or stake. For what does the training of a race-horse or a greyhound, a pugilist or a mile-runner mean? Is it not an endeavour by dieting as well as by other means to get him into a condition in which he can utilise to the fullest extent the muscular powers with which Nature has endowed him? Who knows better than the manager of a racing stable what sort and quantity of food and drink he should give his charges? Who is—or ought to be—better able than the adviser of aspirants for Olympic honours to say what they ought to eat, drink, and avoid? His very livelihood depends upon the correctness of the advice he gives, and the care with which he insists upon its being followed. Whereas in the case of the Physician—well; that is not always altogether so.

Take, therefore, a few examples from the beasts and birds which, chiefly by judicious dieting, man has been able to improve so much that the descendants of comparatively worthless parents have developed into creatures many times more robust and useful and valuable than their wild ancestors. Who would give thousands of pounds for the lineal wild hereditary representative—if there were any such—of the parents of the Darley Arabian? What chance would any wild cattle have, head for head, in the market or at a show against our Shorthorns, Alderneys, or Red Devons? How many eggs will you get in the year from the best jungle-fowl you can find compared with those laid by our modern Dorkings or Buff Orpingtons? And the food by means of which more than anything else these improvements were effected was not prescribed by the "Faculty," even including the veterinarians. Probably the popular notion is that the greater abundance and variety of the food given to the domesticated creature, and its superior quality, were the chief cause of the change. And there might be more value in this theory if all the world had been, as we are, in a temperate zone. But in the tropics both the elephant and the fighting fish tell the same tale as the Derby winner and the carrier-pigeon. There no wild animal, except in exceptional districts, is ever really short of good food. But he arranges his diet on no very scientific system. And over-feeding, as the owners of fighting-cocks know, is often more prejudicial than its reverse. Wild men—that is to say, savages—are said to gorge themselves whenever they have the chance. And their inferiority in general health to civilized people is very marked. An over-fat hawk or hound will often acquit itself on the field as badly as a thin one. And amongst all animals, wild and tame, those who feed most regularly and least voraciously are generally the best performers. But man, who is the most omnivorous of all, is also the most capable of being benefited or handicapped, according as he obeys or violates the rules of *savoir vivre*.

Now that our national reputation, once so good, for prowess in all sorts of athletic competitions is being so often and so successfully challenged, it seems eminently desirable that some shining light, either in the medical or the sporting world, should devote special and perhaps exclusive attention, not so much to the problem of restoring invalids to health as to that of making a healthy man more healthy, and developing in him to the utmost those muscles, internal organs, and other parts of his frame which will be called upon the most in any particular race, or contest, or work in which he may be engaged. There is too much reason to believe that, while the old rules of training inculcated by 'Fistiana' and other treatises of the last century are ridiculed and discarded as obsolete, little or no rational advice has been brought forward to supply the vacant place. To judge by many of the

cheap publications about training for professional boxing which have lately been issued in some profusion, the writers seem to be ignorant even of some of the essential elements of the whole art of conditioning either man or beast. One of them goes so far as to recommend his reader to eat and drink "pretty much what he fancies," provided it is simple and well cooked. Another grudgingly permits a glass of beer at the boxing man's table, but without divulging whether he means a liqueur glass, a tumbler, or a receptacle in which whisky and soda are usually served. Upon a third bold penman it seems to have only just dawned that the happy-go-lucky diet now commonly provided for the English professional may possibly have something to do with the long series of defeats inflicted upon him by colonial and foreign athletes. The war seems to have proved that the Briton, when well taught and well fed, can at least hold his own with other Europeans. But with the inordinate growth of luxuries and idle habits amongst all but the upper and middle classes comes the danger that the most ignorant and selfish inhabitants, unrestrained by financial considerations, will treat themselves to foods and drinks not conducive to health or vigour. But one in a hundred is aware that gastronomy is a rather difficult, but useful science. Or that a man is never so well that he cannot by skill be made better. The *mens sana in corpore sano* can be improved through many degrees of comparison, but developed into the superlative stage, in this world,—never.

'THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.'

THE revival at the Kingsway Theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher's extravaganza, 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle,' is an interesting event. It is by no means the best of its authors' many works, but, thanks to its remarkable title, perhaps the best known of them. It reads only indifferently well. Neither should we say that, even with so able and humorous an actress as the late Mrs. Theodore Wright in the character of the Citizen's wife, it was satisfactory as an acting-play. To quote the good George Darley, it is "a *plica dramatica*, an intertangled knot of heterogeneous ramifications"; and there is good reason for believing that, when it was first acted in London, in 1611, it was a failure. But it has interest as the first mock-heroic play in our language. It is often said to have been inspired by 'Don Quixote,' but as early as 1613 this charge was denied in the Dedication of the first printed edition, and the statement was made that the piece was written more than a year before Cervantes's masterpiece appeared. It is, however, quite possible that it gave Butler a hint for his 'Hudibras.' It is an ironical piece, satirizing citizen Philistinism and the pose and cant of Chivalry. In both directions the satire is a trifle heavy.

Like all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, it has its flashes, its "purple patches." One of these occurs in the speech of Jasper's ghost to the conscience-stricken merchant:—

"When thou art at the table with thy friends,
Merry at heart and filled with revelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth . . .
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself."

These are verses one scarcely expects to hear delivered by a comic figure with a "mealed-over" face. Some of the lyrics sprinkled over the piece also have a charm, and, sung as they are at the Kingsway to music of a delightfully Old English character, are perhaps the most attractive feature of the revival. The duet, 'Tell me, dearest, what is love?' in the third act, makes a quite exquisite moment, and the singing of the final verses beginning,

"Better music ne'er was known,
Than a quire of hearts in one,"

as a madrigal, charming alike in melody and harmony, makes another. Much credit, indeed, is due to Mr.

Frederic Austin for the general musical setting, and the little orchestra discourse most agreeably in their curtained gallery.

On the other hand, the humour of the play, limited enough in the text, seems to have somewhat evaporated as a result of its transference to the boards. There are only two comic ideas in the piece, the artistic ignorance of the Citizen and his wife, and the preposterous chivalry of the pseudo-Knight; and they suffer, we think, from the earnest efforts of the players to be visibly and audibly "funny." Mr. Thomas Weguelin, as the Citizen, offends far less in this respect than his two fellow-artists: indeed, he gives, for the most part, a sincere impersonation of the uncultured grocer, and makes the most, in a right way, of his relatively inconsiderable opportunities. In his silent and comparatively inactive moments we generally found Mr. Weguelin well worth watching. Miss Betty Chester, on the other hand, as his wife, fairly flings the æsthetic crudities of that lady in the face of the audience, and with such an unerring aim that it is almost impossible to see them, so busy is one kept blinking. The Knight of Mr. Noel Coward impressed us as equally on the plane of the obvious. We are certain that the fun of 'The Knight of the Burning Pestle' on the stage lies a great deal less in the visible "art" of the players than in their simplicity and sincerity. It is the same with the far larger and richer humours of Sheridan's 'Critic,' which we have now reduced to an absolute desolation by the efforts of a "star cast" to be funny at all costs. On the evening of our visit the loudest laughter was caused by the perfect simplicity of Mr. E. M. Robson, and by a very amusing piece of "business," in which the impersonator of the giant, Barbarossa, after having been slain, rose and accepted the fee of one of his customers, whom, as a barber, he had shaved before "going on the stage." Miss Dorothy Cheston cut a pleasant figure as a boy in the opening, and afterwards made a vivacious Princess Pompiona, though we should be glad to know upon what warrant she dropped her h's in the latter impersonation. There is, of course, no indication of anything of the kind in the text. It is a modern touch that jars.

The general picture, by which we mean not merely the spectacle, but much of the "business," reflects great credit upon the producer, that fine enthusiast, Mr. Nigel Playfair. One of the many happy ideas is that of Luce lying on the stage, when she is supposed to be dead, in an attitude exactly suggestive of one of the recumbent Royal effigies among the tombs of Westminster Abbey. The various dances introduced are also agreeably racy of the soil and of the period; and the singing of Mr. Stanley Newman as Merrythought, of Miss Cheston and of Mr. Eric Morgan, the Jasper, is in every way pleasant. That capital actor and fine *diseur*, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes, both speaks and acts the part of the merchant, Venterwels (who appears on the programme as "Venturewell"), to perfection. When all the acting has been raised, or lowered (as the reader's ideal demands) to the level of the actor's simple sincerity, the humours of the piece will find richer expression, and the state of the audience will correspondingly be even more gracious. When all is said and done, however, the revival should on no account be missed by students of the English drama.

SPANISH BEGGARS.

(By J. G.)

SPAIN needs no Charles Lamb to write of 'The Decay of Beggars.' Decayed, indeed, they are, though not in the sense in which Lamb wrote; in tattered rags and hallions unspeakable, blind, halt and maimed, genuine and fictitious, they pursue their mendicant trade from Asturias to Cadiz. In Spain no dishonour attaches to beggary; no policeman taps the beggar on the shoulder; a humble and often verminous official refuge provides him with a sleeping-place; and, as he tells his clientèle, "God repays" his modest extortions. The Spaniard is accustomed to his beggars. If he does not wish to give, he says

"another day," or more cynically, "God will look after you." But it harrows the unaccustomed heart of the Englishman who, taking his after-dinner coffee or *blanco y negro* upon the terrace of a café, finds a procession of misery thrusting importunate hands into his moment of modest luxury.

Beggars are of two kinds, local or migratory. The latter have little interest; these are the tramps, the unwilling to work. But a local beggar must, as a rule, possess some penny-extorting incapacity. Blindness, which is very prevalent, due to dust, to sun and to neglect, accounts for a full half of the local beggars. In the larger towns a blind man, by reason of his blindness, can gather sufficient by importunity alone, but in the smaller towns and villages the beggar has often to discover some method more complex than mere appeal.

In a village town in the mountains near Alicante were two local beggars, each of whom exhibited a popular method of extorting the halfpenny (called in common speech "a little dog") from the pockets of the charitable. We were sitting in the *entrada* of a small inn, when, preceded by a tapping stick which, like a sensitive tentacle, explored the unevenness of the ground, a blind man clasping an old guitar crept through the archway, found with his stick an unoccupied chair, and sat down. Adjusting the guitar with trembling fingers, he rasped the strings, which gave out a thin sound, as though withered by extreme age. Gradually his fingers strengthened until he plucked from that decrepit instrument a melody which made one imagine how the characters from Maeterlinck's 'The Blind' might have danced to relieve their dreadful loneliness. The almost macabre dance reached its end. Then, striking a new set of harmonies, he broke into a Spanish song. The song, as are most Spanish songs, was a queer welding of gay rhythmical dancing accompaniment to a sad mourning arhythmic melody; but on that guitar the dance contained all the pathos of a degenerate old age, lending, if possible, an added dreariness to the cracked voice. He collected his meed of "little dogs," and his tapping stick led him away down the street. Thus he pursued his trade from door to door, entering without ceremony, sitting down upon the first chair which his stick could find; and surely few could be hard-hearted enough to refuse him his unspoken request. The streets of the town were narrow, twisted, steep to excess, with treacherous steps and boulders to mislead or to trip the feet; yet he found his way.

At last an accident occurred. One day we discovered him fumbling along, the guitar all opened out at the top, like an old boot. The sound-board had become unglued from the sides, as had also the back; near the finger-board it yet held together, and the injury was in a fashion tied up with string. We asked him what had happened; he made no reply, but laughed a high-pitched, half-crazy laugh, and, standing straddled in the precipitous street, began to pluck the strings, as though the instrument could answer for him. The thin voice of the guitar had now sunk to a mere ghost of sound, the babble of a brook, or the murmur of an Æolian harp thrummed by the wind might well have drowned it. As a dole-extorting device, perhaps it had gained in value; for, so far as I know, it was never repaired.

The other beggar was of a different nature. Blind too, he was younger, and he paced the rough streets at a speed extraordinary in one who could not see. As he went, he called out some sentence which, like a London street cry, had long degenerated from sense to symbol. When we first met him he carried a sort of religious sandwich board, on the front of him the well-known picture of St. Veronica's handkerchief, on the back an anonymous painting depicting a pair of conventional angels. For a while, we could not understand what he was doing, and imagined him pursuing some semi-religious function. However, he happened in his passing, one day, to trip over a basket which a thoughtless washerwoman had left in the road. His remarks at once dashed our notion of his semi-religious mission, and he went off down the

street using language which accorded ill with his devotional sandwich board, leaving us as puzzled as ever.

The next Monday, however, gave the solution. The pictures had disappeared, and a wooden cage containing an uncomfortable hen was strapped on to his back. Numbered tickets, which the pictures had more or less hidden, were plainly visible in his hand. He was running a small private lottery. For a week he paraded the town selling his tickets, at the price of "one small dog" for three chances. The hen, becoming hardened by usage, left its uncomfortable standing position and sat down in the cage, patiently to await its fate on Sunday, which was the day of the draw. We bought tickets for the hen, but Luck was looking over the other shoulder.

The Monday following, in the place of the hen, on his back was tied a large bedroom looking-glass with stand complete.

CORRESPONDENCE

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND SINN FEIN.

SIR,—I fear Mr. G. A. Leask is not so tolerant to us Roman Catholics as he would have us suppose, and therefore I am not very hopeful that he will believe me when I tell him that the English Catholics loathe and abominate the deeds of the Irish assassins and indeed, all our sympathies are with the servants of the Crown, who have been foully murdered by these treacherous scoundrels. To say that the Roman Catholic Church is synonymous with Sinn Fein is, of course, nonsense—this assertion from Mr. Leask recently appearing in your columns! The teaching of the Church is all against these outrages, but whether the Bishops and priests in Ireland are loyal to this teaching, is in my humble opinion a matter for inquiry. Whatever mistakes our politicians may have made in Ireland, it is absolutely necessary that the servants of the Crown should be protected.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

SIR,—The presence of a Cardinal and four Bishops at the Solemn Requiem in Westminster Cathedral on Friday last, is an indication of the official attitude of the Catholic Church towards the recent Irish outrages, and is, in itself, a sufficient answer to Mr. Leask's assertion in your issue of November 27th, that "the present Sinn Fein campaign of murder is deliberately countenanced by the Roman Catholic Church." Surely we have enough racial trouble in Ireland without people like Mr. Leask trying to stir up religious strife as well. The best proof that Sinn Fein is purely a political organization lies in the fact that at least three of the martyred officers were Catholics. I grant that many Irish Catholics, including several priests and some bishops, are Sinn Feiners; but only because they are Irish first, and Catholics afterwards. People of Mr. Leask's way of thinking, having in the past abused English Catholics for putting their religion before their country, now turn round and anathematize the Irish Catholic for putting his country before his religion.

Mr. Leask's argument amounts to this:—Some Sinn Feiners approve of murder; some Irish Catholic bishops are Sinn Feiners; therefore the Roman Catholic bishops and their Church approve of murder. Even if his premisses be true, his conclusion is palpably absurd, and it is indeed pitiful to see "a publicist of many years' standing" betrayed into a logical fallacy of so elementary a kind. It almost makes one despair of our publicists!

HUXLEY ST. JOHN BROOKS.

MR. ASQUITH AND HIS POLICY.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith when apologising for forming the first Coalition Government described himself as "a strong party man." Master as he is of concise speech, he never expressed his position in public life with greater brevity or accuracy. It might have been anticipated that a former Prime Minister would have

realised the enormous difficulties of Government in dealing with the Irish campaign of murder and insurrection—difficulties which are in a great measure the direct outcome of Mr. Asquith's abandonment of any restraint on Irish defiance of law and order, when he was toeing the line under Mr. Redmond's dictation. But his party's call has a stronger attraction than his country's need. Instead of assisting to frame a measure of Home Rule, he opposes the Government plan uncompromisingly, and, careless of responsibility, bids for office by going one better, and surrendering to the revolutionary parties in Ireland and England. The failure of his motion to censure the Government has been as abject as his effort some years ago to profit by Sir F. Maurice's calculated indiscretion; and perhaps he will realise that the portals of Downing Street are not to be gained by attacks on the forces of the Crown which provide daily victims to the ruthless gang which is seeking nothing less than the ruin of the British Empire.

Mr. Asquith's policy when in office may be summed up in the French phrase *J'y suis; j'y reste*. When out of office he adopts another from the same source, *Ote-toi que je m'y mette*. He managed, at great cost to the country, to live up to the former for many years. I am not a politician, and do not aspire to prophecy, but I find comfort in the thought that whoever "outs" Mr. Lloyd George, it is not probable that it will be Mr. Asquith who will take the vacant seat.

SEPTAGUENARIAN.

EQUALITY OF TAXATION.

SIR,—If, according to the modern theory, one man is as good as another, and all classes are equal, it follows as a logical sequence that, everyone should pay, according to his means, something in the way of direct taxation. I never happened to see it myself, but a friend told me that in Germany before the war, I believe at Coblenz, he went into his hotel and saw the waiters and men-servants and the women-servants ranged up on two opposite sides of the hall. A police inspector sat in a chair in the centre. Hans and Fritz as ordinary waiters came up and paid 4 marks each (less than a penny a week) Gretchen and Anna paid their two marks (less than a halfpenny). This was for the maintenance of the Army and Navy, etc. Their own commonsense told them that they derived as much benefit from their country in proportion, as those who had to pay more, and they took the whole affair as a matter of course.

With us, apart from what they smoke and drink, or a trifling tax on cinemas and football matches, the same class would not pay, to a very great extent, a farthing indirect taxation. The money could be easily got by placing on the insurance cards. It is not only that, but if those who get off now had to pay his or her penny or halfpenny a week by direct taxation, they would take a far more healthy interest in putting a stop to the awful extravagance and waste at present going on in Government departments. As they don't pay it, they do not care how many Boards of Control there are. They take no interest in the old limpets with £2,000 a year, or the assistant limpets with £1,500, or the deputy assistant limpets with £1,000. All of these with their regulation satellites—their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, are battenning on the wretched taxpayer, hindering the enterprise, and strangling the commerce, of the country. If, by a trifling tax, we can only get this portion of the community to take an interest in this matter, then we may be able to save countless millions that are wasted, on these non-producing useless parasites, on various Government Boards, that apart from jobbery, have no *raison d'être*.

ANDREW W. ARNOLD.

BOTTLES.

SIR,—The Glass Group of the Federation of British Industries have drawn my attention to an article in your issue of the 6th November, beginning, "Thank God these German bottles have come back!" and since

I am assured that that article is full of demonstrably false statements, calculated to do serious damage to the reorganised British glass industry, I cannot but think that the article was published by you under a misapprehension of the real facts of the case.

Such sweeping allegations as that good bottles cannot be made in this country, are, I am assured, manifestly untrue, and our members note that your contributor does not attempt to support them with any evidence whatever.

Insinuations that the manufacturers and financiers who have established the great new glass industry in this country are desirous of making not bottles but money; that no skilful workmanship is employed, that the manufacturers are not practical men, and so on, are false on the face of them to anyone acquainted with the facts.

The great factories that are rising in different parts of the country, producing bottles as soon as each unit is complete—good bottles which are sold as fast as they can be made—under expert supervision and with skilled labour, are in themselves sufficient refutation of this strange article.

Objection is apparently taken to the raising of large capital for glass manufacture. The reason of the capture of our glass industry by continental rivals years ago was that while we were continuing old-fashioned methods they adopted mass production on an enormous scale. The enemy has to be fought with his own weapons. Factories and machinery superior to any in the world have had to be established, and the raising of large capital is of course necessary to the successful fight.

As for the allegation that the practical manufacturers "who know all about bottles," have been bought out of the trade, this is simply untrue. The practical manufacturer has been absorbed into the new companies that are now engaged in reorganising and establishing on a wider and firmer basis the glass industry of the country, and as a consequence his unrivalled knowledge and experience, so far from being lost, is given a wider and more fruitful scope.

It is alleged that "we cannot make good bottles, such as are pleasing to the touch and stimulating to the eye." Anyone acquainted with modern conditions of manufacture of bottles would appreciate at once that there has seldom been a more beautiful object than the latest machine-made bottle. Apart from this, however, the great new companies that are reorganising the glass industry of the country, have recognised the essential value of research work in connection with the solution of their numerous problems, and, aided by the generous support of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, have given much attention and practical assistance to the research associations that are even now engaged on the investigation of such problems.

With regard to the suggestion that the object of present day glass manufacturers is the production of cash returns and not bottles, the facts may be left to speak for themselves. The estimated output of all the bottle-producing firms before the war was approximately 520,000,000 bottles per annum. Since 1914 the output capacity of these firms has steadily expanded, and when the large new works which are now springing up in various parts of the country are complete, there is no doubt whatever that the total output of bottles will largely exceed the pre-war figure.

From the foregoing, I feel sure you will appreciate that the writer of your article, however well intentioned, was seriously misinformed. And, lest the impressions created by statements so erroneous and damaging should remain, I must ask you to give this letter equal prominence with that given to your article.

CHARLES TENNYSON,
Deputy Director.

Federation of British Industries.

[It is unfortunate that our correspondent finds it necessary to use the words "I am assured." That was the burden of the article in question. We should like to hear a reasoned argument in favour of British

bottles by one who makes or uses them. Ours was the opinion of a practical man. As regards finance, doubtless Mr. Tennyson has access to the pre-war and post-war figures of the glass industries in this country.—ED. S.R.]

WATER-POWER IN THE UNITED STATES.

SIR,—By the courtesy of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, I have before me a United States Government report, issued by their Geological Survey, estimating the potential water-power of that country to be a 24 hours a day service of 59,360,000 horse-power, and a little over 16 per cent. of this is all that has been developed up to the present.

With regard to the possible additional water force based upon storage capacity in the higher levels of streams, it is stated that the first task to be undertaken by the newly created Federal Power Commission is a more comprehensive survey of the whole range of available water-power development than has hitherto been attempted.

In the application of already developed water-power, mountain sections of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway have been electrified, while the Butte, Anaconda, and Pacific Railway reports that 17 electric locomotives, so driven, accomplish work which formerly required 28 steam locomotives of the Mastodon type.

In California, alone, electricity from water-power is carried over 800 miles, with 75 hydro-electric plants, and 7,200 miles of high tension transmission lines.

With increasing prices of coal and oil fuels, the foregoing considerations merit attention, in a world of industrial competition.

J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

FRENCH JARGON IN ENGLISH.

SIR,—“M. R.,” in his protest against the use of French words in English prose, bids us say “innocency” for “naïveté,” “banter” for “badinage,” and—I suppose—“tea-dance” for “thé-dansant.” He does not suggest a substitute for “insouciance”; perhaps “care-freedom”?

I, for one, flatly refuse to do anything of the kind. These words, whatever their meaning in their native surroundings, commonly acquire a special and limited significance to their looters—and I believe that by this they enrich rather than debase the language. As to whether they be printed in italics or not, that is another story. Accents too are hard to dispense with, and yet prevent the word they hang over from looking quite at home.

I am inclined to think that “naivety” would be the best spelling—and that analogous treatment of many other words would help them to settle down.

This, however, is a thing on which I would not presume to dogmatise: my letter is written merely to put forward the case of all those who refuse to say “banter” when they mean “badinage,” or “protective colouring” when they mean “camouflage.” Of course, for “compagnons de voyage,” there is no excuse whatever.

H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL.

EX-SERVICE MEN.

SIR,—The stunt press is accusing the Nation of ingratitude because a quarter of a million ex-service men are without employment. Now before it is possible for the public to decide whether this accusation is justified, it should know:

What proportion of the quarter of a million belonged to the old Regular Army, which is supposed to have been recruited chiefly from the unemployable class.

What proportion belonged to the indolent, incapable, drunken class of men whose wives were only too pleased to exchange them for the separation allowance.

What proportion were induced to enlist when the war started because they belonged to the class of workers whose services employers are able to dispense with most easily.

What proportion belonged to the class recruited

from the workhouses, Salvation Army shelters, and prisons.

What proportion served only in the non-combatant corps.

And what proportion have already been given employment since the war ended and were found unemployable.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

LAWN TENNIS IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter with regard to the above subject, in the issue for Nov. 20th of your admirable paper.

Your correspondent seems to imply that the introduction of lawn tennis into our public schools, as an alternative to cricket, would prove detrimental to the "esprit de corps," or "team-spirit," as your correspondent aptly calls it, of the rising generation.

I feel confident that there would be a great deal of enthusiasm for lawn tennis amongst those who do not care for cricket.

A lawn tennis VI is just as much a team as a cricket XI, and lawn tennis matches are just as feasible as cricket matches.

I therefore submit that there is equal scope for "team-spirit" (I quote your correspondent) in lawn tennis as in cricket, especially when the latter is compulsory.

J. F. B. SPURRELL.

GOVERNMENT WASTE.

SIR,—The Government seem to be getting touched and frightened at last concerning their gross waste of money and retention of useless war institutions, particularly the officials who still cumber London and waste the time of practical people. I hope you will keep on going at them. It is a shame that soldiers—always ill-paid—should now be short of work, while better-paid officials still remain in their jobs. Everyone knows of some official who ought to have been "demobbed" long ago—everyone, that is, except myopic Government whips.

E.G.

THE TREATMENT OF HORSES.

SIR,—Mrs. M. K. Matthew, Hon. Sec., National Equine Defence League, writes in the *Animal Defender* of October, a letter of earnest appeal to the men and women of England to recognise their responsibility for the revival of the export of decrepit horses; 100, she says, having been sent from one town in a few days.

An eye-witness of the unshipping is cited as saying: "I have been all through the war, yet the awful sight of these poor creatures seems worse."

They are roughly shipped across the North Sea, tied head to head without any support but each other's bodies. Hungry, thirsty and ill-used before shipping, they are given neither food nor water during the voyage which is often rough and prolonged. The greater number arrive either dead, or with broken limbs and terrible wounds. Those alive are bought for a few francs, and the last fraction of working power tortured out of them. The Belgians prefer their being killed, cleansed, and sent in cold storage.

I was under the impression that this most discreditable traffic in worn-out horses had been suppressed by Parliament. It certainly ought to be.

"Voters," writes Mrs. Matthew, "should give their M.P.'s no rest until the law is amended, so as to make this traffic impossible; thus ending a base injustice, and a national shame."

The noble race of horses have lost a valuable and active friend in Mr. Walter Winans, whose letters exposing their cruel wrongs and advocating their rights to better treatment, with practical suggestions for promoting it, have often appeared in your columns.

All persons of higher character have respect, and many a strong liking, for horses, with their highly attractive qualities; it is only the morally unworthy who can treat them unworthily.

M. L. JOHNSON.

[Several letters are held over for lack of space this week.—ED. S.R.]

REVIEWS

ALLENBY'S "SIDE-SHOW."

Allenby's Final Triumph. By W. T. Massey. Constable. 21s. net.

IN his account of the latter part of the Palestine Campaign Mr. Massey once more proves himself master of the art of compiling history in a most readable and attractive form. He succeeds in inspiring one with his own keenness and enthusiasm concerning all details of General Allenby's great plan for the complete destruction of the Turkish Army. We find many interesting and very clear photographs in addition to three rather "general" maps, but we want a few more maps with more detail in them.

We agree that "General Allenby's Final Triumph made the Allied victory certain"; it was the finishing touch, the last straw which broke the back of the German General Staff. No one can say that this "side-show" was an unnecessary extravagance or unproductive of decisive results, whatever may be thought of the Dardanelles, Salonika and Mesopotamia. The final stage of the Palestine campaign was essentially a cavalry fight, and it is only in an account such as this that even those who took part in the battle can gain a true idea of the greatness of this fight and obtain a connected and comprehensive view of the unparalleled advance of General Allenby's cavalry to Aleppo over some 400 miles of hilly and difficult country. Mr. Massey, however, points out that the success of the cavalry was only made possible by the admirable way in which the infantry, artillery and Air Force carried out the plans of the Commander-in-Chief by breaking through the Turkish trench system in one headlong and irresistible rush on September 19th. He describes in previous chapters the two raids across the Jordan undertaken by a mixed force of all arms with the object in the first case of capturing Amman and destroying a portion of the Damascus-Maan railway, and in the second of giving support to our Arab allies by the capture of Es Salt, or, at best, a second advance on Amman. These raids were not wholly successful, though they had the much-desired effect of drawing off enemy troops from the Maan area and of convincing the Turkish General Staff that the British intended to capture and secure Amman before attempting an attack on the western flank. This erroneous idea caused the Turks to keep a large army east of the Jordan and thus weakened their right flank upon which fell the blow on September 19th. We are told how a complete infantry division, three cavalry divisions, and a mass of heavy and field artillery were moved from our right to our left flank without the Turks being any the wiser: and how this feat was made possible by our complete air supremacy, also the remarkably fine discipline shown by all troops. Not a move other than the normal road traffic was carried out during the day.

A tribute is very rightly paid to the staff work throughout the Army, particularly to the Quarter-master-General's department, which unfailingly supplied an army in rapid movement over many hundreds of miles of country consisting partly of desert and partly of rocky hills. Those who have experience of a Turkish "road" in Palestine and Syria will welcome the author's particular mention of the patient, dogged, and undefeated lorry-driver, to whom too much credit cannot be given. We learn, too, a little of the untiring and faultless work of the Signals, also of the wonderful co-operation of Col. Lawrence's motley army of Arab levies, an army that could not have been handled with the least hope of success by any other man living.

There is one thing that must strike the reader, particularly the military reader, more than anything else in this history, the rapid and efficient manner in which General Allenby succeeded in training practically raw Indian troops to replace the British units which had to be withdrawn from his Army for the French front.

The book is a well-written and most interesting record of a complete and far-reaching victory.

FORSYTEISM.

In Chancery. By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.

FORSYTEISM is not yet dead; indeed, it will never die so long as human nature is what it always has been. It stands for the possessive instinct, narrowness, fear of publicity, meanness, sleekness, imperviousness to new ideas. In Ancient Rome Forsyteism had its standard-bearers, and even in Athens there were those who lolled (spiritually) on mahogany sofas and filled their bookcases with volumes that were never opened. Xanthippe herself might well have been the daughter of Soames Forsyte if, instead of Annette of Soho, he had chosen a wife from his own milieu. Soames!—it is a happily chosen but an unhappily significant name, and in the dubious realm of modern fiction we have met few men so spiritually arid, so physically and mentally repellent.

We do not ask imaginative writers to devote their talents exclusively to the portrayal of pleasant people, for though Hamlet, Becky Sharp, Mr. Mantalini and the lady of whom Madame Héger was the prototype are fascinating and absorbingly interesting creatures, they are scarcely pleasant; but we feel it right to protest when we discover an author absorbed and re-absorbed in a particularly disagreeable type of human nature. Almost, it would seem, Mr. Galsworthy believes that Forsyteism, with its unimaginative lust for possession, represents England, or, at all events, the England of the early years of this century. He would expose us all. We are not precisely wicked: we are worse, for we are stupid and greedy. No censor, however, could be more circumspect. Never a direct condemnation; not a single point driven home; not for one instant does this gentle suave voice thunder in indignation; even the word "damn" (rarely used) is printed "d—n." Nor is Mr. Galsworthy so vulgar as to hint, or even to employ, innuendo. His indictment, if so it may be called, is shadowy, pervasive, indirect. His method here is in direct opposition to that he invariably employs when striving to enlist the sympathy of the reader on behalf of a losing cause or a persecuted individual. In the latter case, no method is too clumsy, no means too extreme, to be employed in heaping suffering and obloquy upon the tortured object of his admiration; he will wring your tears, even if in order to do so he has to flay his hero alive. But in 'In Chancery' he attacks, and his offensive methods evince more subtlety than the methods employed when he is impelled to defend. Defending, he is a chevalier in hysterics; attacking, he is a Machiavelli *in petto*. Indeed, so secret is his onslaught that one is left in doubt as to whether, after all, there has been any onslaught.

If Soames is his chief victim—and most of the characters of 'In Chancery' are the brooding victims of Mr. Galsworthy's remote wrath—Soames's father, James, is the most free from literary victimisation. Here is an old man drawn with skill, without prejudice, and with that untiring care which is this author's chief asset as a craftsman. Irene, Soames's first wife, is to be found in nearly all Mr. Galsworthy's stories; there is always something left unexplained in his "heroic" women; they are presented, as though observed from the outside, without intuition, without real understanding. Their conduct, whether right or wrong, has a certain ruthless magnificence; the pity is, they do not live. Fineness of nature, steel-like honesty combined with true passion, is the most difficult of all qualities for the novelist to present, and Mr. Galsworthy's very definite limitations are exposed each time he attempts to create the Meredithian woman.

One feels that to Mr. Galsworthy life is an enormous ganglion upon which he executes one neurotomy after another. Hugo Wolf eyed Brahms with suspicion because the latter in his music could not exult, and for the same reason our appreciation of Mr. Galsworthy's work is limited. Life intrigues him ineluctably, but it does not gladden him. It seems to us that for him our little world is a sick man tossing feverishly upon his bed; Mr. Galsworthy, finger on pulse and clinical thermometer in hand, sits patiently by his side, recording the slow sinking towards dissolution.

THE INNOCENCE OF NEW YORK.

The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. Appleton. 8s. 6d. net.

FOR many English readers this delightful novel will be a revelation of the depths which can be sounded by international ignorance. Gentlemen of unbounded leisure and a taste for commercial probity which amounts to a disease, ladies combining the angel and the bore in a measure beyond the dreams even of a Thackeray, troops of obsequious and efficient white domestics! Not such are the inhabitants whom most of us have mentally assigned to New York—at any stage of that city's existence. But Mrs. Wharton abundantly demonstrates that this state of things obtained only in a very limited circle, to a degree inconceivable by older and more corrupt civilizations. A happy circle it cannot well be called, since to assert that happiness may be compatible with dullness is to state a contradiction in terms; by rights it should not be attractive any more than happy, but the author contrives to make it so, partly no doubt through the easy laughter called forth by its patently ludicrous standards, but partly also from admiration for the finer element contained in them.

The heroine, a daughter of this secluded aristocracy, ventures in defiance of its conventions on an exogamic alliance with a wealthy Polish nobleman, who transports her to a cosmopolitan atmosphere, where art, literature, and brilliant conversation are among the commonplaces of life. On the other hand, she is unfortunate in her husband, and the sympathy consequently bestowed upon her is of a different quality from that which under like conditions would have fallen to her share in New York. Returning, rather under a cloud, to the old home, she is received by her relations with a splendid loyalty, which she genuinely appreciates. But naturally she finds the former things insipid, and—with no evil intentions—drifts into hazardous intimacy with a young man yearning for "European culture," and for the society of women competent to discuss it. His wedded peace is gravely endangered, and only the traditional ideas intervene to hinder a tragedy from reaching its climax.

From a literary point of view, this story is on a level with Mrs. Wharton's best work. As a retrospect of the early 'seventies, it is less satisfactory, being marred by numerous historical lapses.

CABBAGES AND KINGS

In a Green Shade. By Maurice Hewlett. Bell. 6s. net.

TOWARDS the end of his middle years, finding himself leisured and comfortable, Mr. Hewlett has begun to write small, rather self-conscious essays. It is "time," says he, to do so; or, rather, time "to set down one's thoughts as they come." And, because he lives in the country with the post-office just across the road and the village school well within hearing distance (but he likes that!), he sees himself, as no doubt he is, a beneficent, sympathetic fellow ready to help the peasantry in their small perplexities, eager to advise in matters where a little scholarship is not amiss, and more than willing to be of service to all the countryside. A man so situated has, we can well believe, "thoughts." But it is difficult to imagine Mr. Hewlett in that squarson rôle: difficult, that is, to picture him ruminative, chewing the cud of his reflections, and, by the winter's fire wisely nodding a Polonius head over the experiences of life. Not so has Mr. Hewlett hitherto appeared to us, nor are we willing to accept that picture of himself that he here gives us. And, indeed, this book, which he calls "a country commentary," is, as a country commentary, a failure. Here is no Richard Jefferies nor W. H. Hudson. A bookman Mr. Hewlett has been always, and in spite of the fact that when he left West Sussex for "home," he sold six tons of books, "and again another six," a bookman he will remain to the end. We would not have it otherwise, though our novelist now discovers (too late, we are afraid) that to him people

are more interesting than print. Now, what would have happened had this discovery been made before the writing of 'The Forest Lovers'? We scarcely know; but there would to-day be a trifle less preciosity in modern literature and a trifle more of human nature.

No: there is here no patient recording of the leaf yellowing to its fall, or of the early cuckoo and late swallow, though there are rare, monstrous doings with a root of *Gunnera manicata* which in ten years grew, as we say, from nothing to "thirty-five feet in circumference, nearly twelve feet high" with "flowers two-feet-six in length" and "leaves seven feet across." This, at any rate, is better than the biggest gooseberry. But these triflings with Nature are rare and sporadic. Broadchalk, after all, is not far from London, and it is an easy matter to forget even the peasant himself when the peasant is always with us. Not that Mr. Hewlett is not absolutely "right" about the peasant. His hatred of Toryism makes him believe the farmer, the yokel and the what-not, the very salt of this our earth. It may be so. And, being so, who would have it otherwise? "We need," says he, "many things—religion, love, work, seriousness, and so on." Poverty also, it seems, will save us. Toryism is "a parasitic growth of the mind"; the editor of the *Morning Post* and the writer of 'Musings without Method' in *Blackwood* (a dark fellow, this) "may be" human beings; we must all be charitable; we have too many books (!); "the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my days was scrubbing a kitchen floor," etc.; and so on. Small matter, all this.

Yet when Mr. Hewlett forsakes (or escapes from?) the country and country matters and turns to books, he is charm itself. His wit is pretty, his sense of character sure. He rescues, rather wonderfully, Bessy Moore from the shameless garrulity of Tom Moore's eight volumes of memoirs; he gives us a sinister etching of Sheridan as maniac; and his note on Samuel Butler riddles that latter-day literary saint with unsparing bullets. Learning there is, of course, in abundance; craftsmanship, also, and personality. Altogether, a pleasant book, but we hope Mr. Hewlett has not made up his mind to settle down to this sort of thing exclusively.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Private Letters of Sir Robert Peel. Edited by George Peel. Murray. 18s. net.

THAT the present generation is degenerate in morals, and that godliness died with our grandfathers, is a lesson enforced on the pious every Sunday morning by every respectable parson. And since the slight acquaintance with chronology that is necessary even for reviewers assures us that Sir Robert Peel must have lived at the very zenith of this Golden Age, we opened this volume of his private letters with the hope, and almost the certainty, of edification. But alas! for the mirage of human perfection, which recedes the further, the remoter we penetrate into the abysses of the past; Society appears to have been even more disreputably human then than now. We read, with a blush, that the Speaker of that time has gone off to Paris for the recess with his mistress; that the royal dukes behaved indecorously at the funeral of their brother, the Duke of York—that Duke, who "had the singular experience of being made a Hanoverian bishop at the early age of five months, but on coming of age had resigned the labours, *though not the emoluments*, of that office"; it is the same Duke whose statue, according to common gossip, was placed on its present high pedestal in order that his creditors should not be able to reach him. The emoluments of the episcopal see seem to have been insufficient. This admirable person was the godfather to Peel's third child.

The heiress of the day appears to have owed her great fortune to the fact that three wealthy men disputed the honour of her paternity—a knotty point which her mother was unable to decide. To make assurance trebly sure, each of the three wealthy men left the young lady a fortune, and she subsequently

married into the peerage. It is understood that there is no moral to that particular story.

Peel himself was a virtuous man, and his letters to his family show him in a pleasant light. A little stiff, as was the habit of the day—unless it was, like the Speaker in Paris, off duty—he was an excellent husband and an ideal parent. But he had no sense of humour—its lack is an asset in a statesman—and when his wife tried a little irony on him, the temperature in the matrimonial thermometer fell rapidly. The book itself is a distinct addition to our knowledge of that period, both for its excellencies and its defects, and in its last pages is a very remarkable account of Peel's considered opinion of the insecure foundations of the new industrial civilisation of that day. But its main value, we fancy, will be to disillusion us as to the manners and customs of that alleged golden age, the Early Victorian Period, when all the men were brave, and all the women virtuous—in public.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

The Doctrine of the Church and Christian Reunion. By Arthur C. Headlam, D.D. Murray. 12s.

TWO conceptions of the Christian Church are contending for victory to-day in England, the "apostolic" and the "democratic." The issue is not so much about the "form of ecclesiastical polity," which doubtless took a generation or more originally to get into settled shape, but which, it is now pretty nearly agreed, must be some kind of monarchical episcopacy. Rather, the question is about the basis and source of commission and authority. From whom—of course, under Christ—does bishop or pastor derive authority of governance and ambassadorship for God, the ministry of reconciliation, the stewardship of mysteries, the right to shepherd the flock and leadership in the sanctuary? The "apostolicals" answer that such powers are necessarily conveyed at every stage "from above" by an apostolate perpetuated throughout the ages. As the Father "apostled" the Son, even so, He told those "whom also He called apostles," He sent them; and it is maintained that this apostolic commission could not be confined to the original Twelve, any more than could the words "I appoint unto you a monarchy, as my Father hath appointed unto me," but was promised to be effectual "unto the end of the world." It is further urged that a transmissory succession which is seen at every step to be devolved, not evolved, a heavenly bestowal and not a popular mandate, is in line with the general sacramental system of Christianity, and still more with the evangelical principle of a given, descended, and bestowed salvation.

The democratic school, on the other hand, derive all ministerial and governing commission from the will and authorisation of the Christian Brotherhood generally. The Church is a voluntary association of persons holding the same convictions, and deciding on their own creeds, forms of worship, organisation, government and ministry. The "multitude of them that believe" are therefore the source and fount of clerical ministration. Every Christian is a priest unto God, but for convenience sake, and for purposes of order and unity, he and the others have delegated executive powers to a permanent committee. Of this standpoint the Oxford Regius Professor of Divinity appears as the latest champion. Probably Dr. Headlam might disclaim the name of democrat, and point out that by the Church at large he means no mere ochlocracy, but the organised Christian Society. It is this, he says, authorisation from which, rather than any mystical power transmitted in his ordination to the priest, validates the consecration of the Eucharist, or any other ministration. But ultimately, from his standpoint, "the Church" must mean the generality of lay believers, seeing that, if any ex-officio element in it is from the beginning an essential factor, there is something which has been mysteriously transmitted, and which is not derived from the general will. But this transmission is just what the present Bampton lectures deny.

In our purely lay opinion the issue wants a good deal of clearing up. Probably Dr. Headlam is quite right in pointing out that the phrase "apostolic succession" meant at first merely the regular succession of one bishop to another in his See; in which sense Archbishop Davidson is the apostolic successor of Archbishop Temple. But the question is about principles and facts rather than phrases. Apostolic succession is now usually understood to mean a succession from consecrator to consecrated. Only the commissioned can commission. Suppose that idea to be untrue, or unprimitive, or unnecessary, it follows that unconsecrated persons can consecrate, uncommissioned persons can give commission. From the democratic point of view this is quite possible. The laity, themselves individually uncommissioned, might collectively commission certain men to act for them. But we fancy Dr. Headlam is scarcely prepared to say this. And in any case so good a scholar would feel bound to point to examples in primitive history of the thing having actually occurred. The question is quite distinct from the interesting topic, on which students, including Dr. Headlam himself, have bestowed of late so much patient erudition, of the emergence of diocesan monepiscopacy in the sub-apostolic age.

Nor, if it is simply authorisation by the Church which validates a ministration, does Dr. Headlam seem to be greatly helped towards his conclusion that the orderly ordinations of any religious body—however small?—ought to be recognised as valid. For he strenuously rejects all particularism, congregationalism, and sectarianism. It is only the organic, Catholic Church which can dispense from Catholic rule, or loose where it has once bound. He is sure then to be asked where the world-wide Catholic Church of East and West comes in in the present matter. If the Ecclesia of God has sovereign supremacy of jurisdiction over the granting of ministerial commission and Church government generally, when did it delegate to a number of little communions authority to change these long-established rules? It looks as though the Regius Professor had not thought out his position, and would be compelled to go much further than he at present wishes. There is really no halting-place between the doctrine that the Church is prior to its members, "come down from God out of heaven," and the view that it is simply composed of its members, "the Church" being a nominalistic expression for the aggregate of men and women who, happening to believe the same thing, have formed themselves into a religious association. And if the latter view be correct, the whole association can have no authority, *de jure divino*, over the parts. Christians may unite how they like, and under what rules they please. Perhaps the Professor will invoke the authority of Hooker, who also held that "the whole Church Catholique" can dispense from the necessity of episcopal ordination, and proceeded to justify the orders of the continental Lutherans and Calvinists. But the inference seems to halt; moreover, Hooker's general thesis of Christianity as resting on a *contrat social* made him the forerunner of the Locke school of rationalism, and gained him the appellation of "The First Whig." Dr. Johnson, however, put the origin of whiggery a good deal further back. Dr. Headlam speaks even of the first Apostles as acting under the "supremacy" and "spiritual authority" of the Christian Society, as its accredited representatives. Yet elsewhere he remarks that they "did not in any way derive their commission from the Church."

The conclusion drawn by most people will be that the point at issue, which is a vital one, requires a good deal more elucidation and candid thinking out. It will hardly be solved by scholarship, for no new grouping of the already well-known data regarding primitive Church life will help very much towards determining the choice between two opposing principles. Whether the Christian ministry derives its authority from the pleasure of the Christian people, or from a heaven-descended and continuous apostolic commission is an issue for theology. But men are sure to

approach it from one or other preconception—either the democratic and parliamentary bias which is ingrained in the modern temper, or the mystical and authoritarian standpoint, which is having hard work to hold its own. Church reunion is in the air, but the Church of England is in a great strait; for whatever steps she may take towards joining hands with one ecclesiastical camp widen her separation from the other. We are not sure that Dr. Headlam sees this.

TWO GENERATIONS IN INDIA.

The Ritchies in India. By Gerald Ritchie. Murray. 21s. net.

THIS compilation of letters and reminiscences will prove interesting to those acquainted with the careers of the Thackeray family in India as given to us by Sir William Hunter and Lady Ritchie. It is curious that the great novelist drew upon this store of material for little save parody, but he was depicting an earlier generation contemporary with his grandfather William Makepeace Thackeray, "the elephant hunter of Sylhat."

This volume gives us the family history and letters of William Ritchie, the author's father, and his own reminiscences as a member of the Indian Civil Service. William Ritchie was of Aberdeen stock, one of these sound and competent Scots who figured so largely in the development of British India, and Calcutta in particular. His mother Charlotte, *née* Thackeray, was the guardian angel at home for a wide circle of Anglo-Indian exiles, and her overflowing milk of human kindness saved her nephew the novelist from many a "glum English Sunday," as we read in one of his letters included in the correspondence. William was early known as "Gentleman Ritchie," perhaps because he squeezed something like an apology from a University proctor. He joined the Calcutta bar in 1842 to become Advocate General and then Legal Member of the Governor General's Council, but died suddenly in 1862 shortly after the latter appointment, at the early age of 46. The Calcutta barrister of those days lived very much within a British fence, and Ritchie's letters to his family refer but little to Indian problems, whilst the eventful progress of Dalhousie, greatest of Indian Viceroys, and the tragedies of the Mutiny evoke scanty comment. In fact, the letters are persistently domestic, occasionally ponderous, and sometimes tedious; but they depict vividly enough social life in India at the time of the Mutiny: above all, they leave the impression of a high-minded personality with all the virtues of British citizenship, including a cool head, a logical mind, and a great capacity for friendship with the leaders of men in India. William Ritchie rose rapidly to eminence by his own merits, and his premature death was widely regretted.

Mr. Gerald Ritchie adds his own reminiscences from boyhood at Winchester till retirement from the Bengal Civil Service in 1901. Here again we find little of politics or the questions of the day. The whole compilation is evidently a labour of love in two acts, of filial piety and of parental affection, since the latter portion of the book is addressed to a youthful daughter, and has the limitations of its purpose. The story is told in the unpretentious style of a diarist who aims at a simple and intimate narrative of family events in a stimulating atmosphere, with an occasional touch of humour, as in the description of the French Governor of Chandernagore, who had the air of being profoundly busy, but "did not appear in reality to have much to do." The timely criticism of Provincial Governors recruited in England is also refreshing. The chapters on Winchester and Wykehamists pay enthusiastic tribute to a fine record of eminence in the service of the State. There is also a moving reference to the brief illness and death of Lionel Tennyson, of whom the author saw much during his last days on Indian soil and sea.

The compilation has its limits, but, as the preface observes, it is in the private life of public men in India that the real interest of the Indian Drama is revealed. The career of any high-placed official in India is made

up of a multitude of small things, each requiring a master-hand, and each sufficiently vital to provide a Kipling with a menagerie of material tragic — and otherwise.

The book contains numerous family portraits and a pedigree of the Thackeray-Ritchie family embracing one hundred and twenty-three names, beginning with Dr. Thomas Thackeray, who was born in 1693 and, as Head of Harrow, saw its numbers rise from thirty-three to two hundred and thirty.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ACCOUNT BOOK.

The Household Account Book of Sarah Fell of Swarthmoor Hall. Edited by Norman Penney.

Cambridge University Press. £2 2s. net.

IT seems odd at first sight that any household accounts should be published in a stately volume, and carefully introduced and annotated. But the interest of Sarah Fell's business entries is considerable to any student of the seventeenth century, and especially to the Society of Friends commonly called Quakers. Sarah's is one of the very few accounts of domestic spending to the smallest detail which have survived through the centuries destruction as rubbish; she came of a wealthy family—her grandfather refused knighthood; and her mother's second venture in marriage was with no less a person than George Fox, the Quaker leader. Sarah herself was once in prison in 1676—for what is apparently not known—and her accounts, 1673-8, exhibit her as a capable person generous in giving, but with a good sense of the value of money. The house of Swarthmoor she inhabited in the Furness district not far from the English Lakes was somewhat isolated, and things had to be brought from Ulverston or Lancaster. The sands the carrier crossed were tricky, and we notice that Sarah paid a groom 1s. for "staying" father's gelding from adventures in that direction. On market days there were numerous purchases, particularly of articles for agricultural work, cow medicines, and little personal articles for Sarah and her sisters. They were by no means restricted to sober colours in their attire. We notice tailor-made clothes, and sky-blue and sea-green stockings. Both colours are also recorded by the ingenious Mr. Pepys, and green silk stockings were clearly the height of fashion, since the 'Memoirs of Grammont' report La Belle Stewart as wearing them, and ducal authority for supposing that "no leg was worth anything without them." Sarah had "allamode for a scarf for myself," which was, we think, a fine, black silk. She had oranges and gloves from London, and "Chocoleta for sister Lower from Lancaster." That "West India drink" had been introduced into England a few years before, and Mr. Pepys added it to his morning potation for the stomach's sake.

Strangest of all is a reference to "tobacco pipes for sister Susannah, 1d." Three explanations are offered (1) that she wanted them to give away; (2) that they were used to blow soap-bubbles to amuse the children; (3) that she took to tobacco as a medicine, being in poor health. An interesting page of 'Addenda' deals with the references to tobacco. It shows that pipes were bought for George Fox, who decried smoking in others, and that the Quakers were lenient about the weed, an excellent thing, indeed, to promote meditation. The page which includes Susannah's pipes also records "a quart of white wine, 1s." for her, and tobacco as a horse medicine. Susannah was undoubtedly delicate, for we find she had on various occasions a "diett drinke," brimstone, leeches, and "stinking arach." Perhaps she was consumptive, for Mr. Pepys noted in 1661 that a friend of his "by chewing of tobacco is become very fat and sallow, whereas he was consumptive."

Sarah frequently gave little presents of money to the needy; but she had a sense of strict justice, as appears from her note that, when she paid 4s. 6d. for a dog that worried a neighbour's sheep, 2s. 6d. was put down to sister Susannah, "because she was some cause of preventing the dog from hanging before."

The burial of an uncle did not cost much, but the wine afterwards was on a generous scale, 9 gallons! Probably the sisters, in spite of their Quaker connections, liked to do things well. Their "vizard-masks" were, it is suggested, a protection from wind and rain, when they were on horseback. We think it more probable that they were simply the fashion, having come in during the Restoration for use in the theatre, and spread, like other illogical fashions, among women in general.

Wages and prices throughout seem absurdly small, but money was then worth five or six times what it is now. Bunyan, if we remember right, had 6d. left for him by his grandfather when he should come of age. Coals were rare and expensive, but peats were the usual fuel. More than one piece of agricultural labour cost only 1d. a day. Margaret Dodgson got 1s. "for workinge 12 days in washinge, rinshinge, rubbing and other worke." For ten weeks of similar labour she was paid 6s. 6d. What times for happy householders! Another servant lost 8s. 6d. out of a year's £1 17s. 6d., because she lost a silver spoon and broke a pot. She went away a few days later, and sister Rachel, who gave her a shilling, seems to have sympathised with her. The same sister got "a pair of broad pointed sisers" for 3d. For chickens 2d. is a regular price throughout, and besoms (brooms for sweeping) were 6 a penny.

The Editor's notes are full of details of the families mentioned, but we think he might have added more on points of general interest, though the Introduction is useful in this respect.

FLOWERS, HERBS AND WEEDS.

A Garden of Herbs: Being a Practical Handbook to the Making of an Old English Herb-Garden together with numerous Receipts from contemporary Authorities. With fourteen Illustrations. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. Philip Lee Warner. 12s. 6d. net.

HERE is an attractive, well-printed book for lovers of old-time quaintness. The author is evidently very well read in old literature; but when she speaks of "contemporary Authorities," she does not indicate, we gather, the herb-mixer of to-day. She is writing from the point of view of the antiquary, who loves to tell us what Henry VIII and other sound trenchermen of the past chose to tickle their appetite, and what meaner folks, who could not afford doctors, used to cure themselves in the way of decoctions of common plants. A revival has long been on hand of old-fashioned herbs, though few so far who visit Kew go to the broad and well-ordered Herbal Garden hidden behind a tall brick wall. This revival may be assisted by the book; but the author has lapses which make us uncomfortable. She is amateurish in her descriptions, and with all her knowledge she has not taken the trouble to get her lore of the past correct. She is evidently not a classical scholar. Derivations, which would have cleared up or aptly illustrated some points, are seldom supplied. The book, in fact, seems to waver between the practical and sentimental aspects of the subject, and to achieve neither. Borage and woodruff are both used to flavour "cups." Cowslip tea is, or used to be, well known in the country as well as cowslip wine. Saffron and meadow saffron are different things, and the addition of the Latin names would have emphasised the point. In several cases the descriptions of the plants are vague, and no details are given of the methods of preparation desirable for cordials or medicines. We gather that salads were triumphs in old days; but should have been glad to learn further what would make them triumphs to-day, for in this art foreigners are far beyond us. With the aid of an expert or two, the volume might have been both charming and practical. As it is, it will excite the enthusiasm of those who make herbs a fashionable cult; but it is likely to disappoint people who pride themselves on country cures. The writing is easy, but a little casual, and could have been improved by a reader of experience.

Many of the old references will delight lovers of English folklore; but we must decline to be interested in what that humbug Ossian invented concerning the legend of the daisy.

A LOST LEADER?

The Mirrors of Downing Street. By A Gentleman with a Duster. Mills and Boon. 5s. net.

IT was Robert Burns who expressed a desire that some power might enable people to regard themselves with the eye of an outsider. And now an anonymous gentleman, who, if we mistake not, hides behind his duster an identity of considerable importance, translates that wish into fact, so far as our politicians, at all events, are concerned.

It is idle to speculate upon identities. There is little in a name, but a great deal in knowledge; and the author has first-hand knowledge. Moreover, he can wield a pen or a duster with equal dexterity. The writing is good, contains a wealth of metaphor and aphorism, and displays wide reading. Suffice it to say, then, that so far as we are able to judge, the writer has every qualification for his task. What matter whether his name be N. or M.?

Yet it matters a great deal. We can picture him, his eyes lit with pure zeal for the common weal, yet his glance straying ever and anon in the direction of the review columns of the press. Not that we would discredit his intentions; far from it. But we beg leave to doubt very much whether any good can come of them. A knife is of more use than a pen, when it comes to removing a cancer. Moreover, as the author points out somewhere in his book, zeal should be accompanied by deeds, not words—and, we might add, leadership, not anonymity. He remarks of Lord Robert Cecil that his great failing is a lack of fanaticism; that his gifts of intellect and high-mindedness are discounted, because they are supine. He deplures modern political tendencies, but he deplures them inarticulately. By the same token, if "A Gentleman with a Duster" would really wish from his heart to lift our statesmanship to a higher moral level, he must come out from his seclusion. He must cease to brandish a duster, and brandish instead a crusader's shield, whereon are emblazoned the symbols of the three Christian virtues. And thus should he ride forth to battle.

The pictures which he draws of our public men certainly merit the adoption of such a course. We did not know all the things he tells us, but that they existed has long been obvious from the deeds of those concerned. "A corrupt tree bringeth forth corrupt fruit." It is not the purpose of this review to deal with these depressing symptoms. The author points to their existence; we wish, rather, to point to their cure. Mr. Lloyd George may be degenerating in the lap of luxury; Mr. Balfour may be a cynic; Mr. Asquith may have domestic hindrances; but it does little to ease our troubles merely to cry stinking fish. It has long been common knowledge that it stank. Let us rather determine to rid ourselves of it before it spreads a pestilence among us. The remedy lies with the public, who lack a leader, and with the "Gentleman with a Duster," who, unfortunately, "prefers to remain anonymous."

MUSIC NOTES

DECENTRALIZATION.—The good work done by the British Music Society has more than once received sympathetic notice in this column. We believe that work to be making substantial headway at the present time, though, we are not equally sure whether the "Foundation Fund" will be richer by the £5,000 which Lord Howard de Walden promised to contribute, in the event of £10,000 having been obtained from other sources before the end of 1920. It certainly ought to be. It ought to be clearly understood that the society does not exist for the exclusive purpose of rendering "first aid" to British composers and performers. That is only one of its objects. Another, of even greater importance, is to spread the cult of good music—and the consequent disgust for musical rubbish—among all ranks and classes of the people of this country. Yet another is to aid in the vital process of decentralization, which is to relieve London

of at least part of the surfeit of performances and shows that tread on each others' heels at the West-End concert-rooms. This process can only be accomplished by making the same kind of music no less popular and successful, and therefore of equally regular occurrence, in the outer areas of the Metropolis, among the communities who will thus be attracted to first-rate concerts at their own doors and taught not only to appreciate what they hear there, but encouraged to support the bigger undertakings—operatic as well as orchestral and choral—which can be better carried out in Central London. By such means no one will lose, and everyone must gain; while foremost among the latter will be the producers of British works and the British artists who perform them. In this connection we are glad to note that Hampstead (one of the latest and largest of the B.M.S. centres) is on the eve of establishing its first important series of chamber and kindred concerts, in the course of which the educational idea is to be kept well in view. The greater portion of the series will be held in the fine hall of the University College School at Frognal; but the opening concert on January 13 will take place at the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, when Hampstead is to have the privilege of introducing a new and distinguished combination called 'The Chamber Music Players,' consisting of Messrs. William Murdoch, Albert Sammons, Lionel Tertis, and Felix Salmond.

HEIFETZ AND OTHERS.—This conjunction is employed for the sake of convenience, but it may also be held to denote the inevitable comparisons that the youthful violinist has brought upon his head by attempting the Elgar concerto at last week's Philharmonic. It is easy to agree with the majority concerning the merits and demerits of Mr. Heifetz's performance; it is less easy to determine how far it surpassed every rendering heard since Kreisler's, and how far it fell below the poetic and romantic level of that memorable first performance. That it equalled it as a purely technical achievement can hardly be denied. The pity is that it could go so far, yet go no farther. It was the brilliance and glitter of a marvellous piece of mechanism that completely bowled over the impressionable audience, and brought Sir Edward Elgar with the soloist and conductor (Mr. Coates) thrice to the platform. Mr. Heifetz seems for the time being to have frightened away every other solo violinist who presumes to consider himself in the same class.

Meanwhile, the pianists seem undeterred by similar considerations. Alternately with the singers they pick up every vacant date that our three or four concert-halls generously furnish them with; and momentarily they allow the fiddlers to arrive a "bad third." Among the more interesting of recent piano recitals we may mention that given by Miss Margaret Tilly. Besides selecting a programme that formed a genuine test of ability, including Beethoven's A flat sonata, Op. 110, she showed the right qualities for doing it justice—a beautiful touch, imaginative feeling, and plenty of power. Miss Tilly is an artist to be reckoned with.

ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—Of the oratorios of Handel we hear less and less; of Purcell's music more and more. Let us be thankful and encourage it, but not at the expense of the old Saxon master whose heritage English choral music should ever be proud to call its own. The 'Messiah' is in no danger of neglect, but 'Judas Maccabæus,' given as it was at the Albert Hall last Saturday, also asserts its claim to revival as the right work in the right place. The choruses were sung with admirable precision by a body of voices superior alike in volume and quality to any that has been heard here since the halcyon days of Barnby. On the whole, Sir Frederick Bridge achieved an unusually spirited performance. Mme. Stralía's singing of the soprano solos was rather spoilt by her unrefined diction; but Mr. Boland's clear, robust tone and easy declamation imparted just the necessary martial energy to those for the tenor.

LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.—The novelty at Monday's concert was a tone poem by Mr. Cyril Jenkins bearing the title of 'The Magic Cauldron,' between which and the music which is supposed to illustrate an ancient Welsh legend of more than usually confusing type there seemed to be little apparent connection. Its themes are numerous, long-drawn,

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and of strongly-marked Wagnerian character; the orchestration is clever and full of colour; but we failed to perceive either originality or real imaginative gift in the development of the piece. The most enjoyable item in the programme was the admirably-played 'Suite Française' of Roger Ducasse—a delight from the first note to the last. On the other hand, we were much bored by the uninspired and pretentious violoncello concerto of Herr Eugen D'Albert, which Signorina Guilhermina Suggia revived with evident pleasure to herself. Her acknowledged skill and mastery might well have been employed upon some worthier theme.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

THE CREAM OF CURIOSITY, by Reginald L. Hine (Routledge, 12s. 6d. net) is an account by the author of several manuscript collections in his possession. The most interesting of them appears to be the Heath papers, extracts from which throw a true 'sidelight on the Civil War.' The extracts from Harpsfield's life of Sir Thomas More are familiar. Two of these papers have already appeared in Blackwood; those dealing with Monmouth and Sir Justinian Pagitt. A collection of epitaphs is exceptionally good. The book is very well illustrated and printed and will be found an excellent thing to dip into and dally with in the spirit in which it was written. It is a book for the country house table.

A NEW GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE OF CHURCH HISTORY. By M. Bloxam. (Marshall.) An ambitious title for a child's story of the Church of England. The writer means so well, is so loyal a Churchwoman and has taken so much trouble, that it is a pity she has not taken a little more, and submitted her work to some competent person. For one thing it is a mass of verbal and other blunders—e.g., "Alleluia Battle," "fungii," "Eccliaistes," "de haeretico comburenda," "Millenery," "Faith," "had lain down their lives." Kitchen is written Ketcher, Sacheverell scheverell (thrice); the thirty-nine Articles become forty-nine; Overall and George Herbert are leading Puritans; St. Irenaeus "lived about the time of St. John"; the British Church is called the Church of England; the question of Henry VIII's first marriage, out of which the English Reformation sprang, is not even mentioned. Scholars now put the *Quicunque vult* back to a quite early date, but who "believes it to have been compiled by St. Athanasius"? Miss Bloxam's ideas about the relation of the Ecclesia Anglicana to Rome are crude and mid-Victorian. And she scampers over the great and constructive mediæval period, so full of interest for children, in thirty or forty pages. Nor is her style really simple. Mrs. Markham in truth did this kind of thing much better, and Charlotte Yonge better still.

BOLSHEVISM: AN INTERNATIONAL DANGER, by Paul Miliukov (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d. net). In this able study of international Bolshevism, a real attempt has been made to trace the movement of extremist revolutionary tactics to its origin, pointing out its wide divergence from socialism. The progress of Bolshevism through war and revolution, in which the theory of World Revolution tightened its hold out of Russia chiefly by expert propaganda, is treated exhaustively in the second part of the book, while the third part shows the rôle Germany played in supporting the movement. M. Miliukov's eminence in Russian politics and his first-hand knowledge of conditions in Europe and the United States make him a sure guide to those engaged in public affairs: his masterly handling and clear exposition of so complicated a subject render the reader's task not only easy, but pleasant.

THE BOLSHEVIK THEORY, by R. W. Postgate (Grant Richards, 7s. 6d. net). The aims and principles of the Bolsheviks are ably set forth in this volume by one who fully understands their theoretical standpoint. Unfortunately for Europe in general and Russia in particular, the practice proves itself to be a travesty of even the most elementary notions of liberty. Mr. Postgate takes too literally the many Soviet manifestoes, etc., in which the Commissars show they are possessed of considerable literary ability; everyone with a working knowledge of Russian affairs knows that the printed word in Russia has little connection with established fact. The appendices include the Manifesto of the First Congress of the Communist International issues on 10th March, 1919, which covers some 25 pages; Lenin's theses presented to the above Congress on 6th March, and an Appeal of the Third International to the I.W.W. written by Zinoviev in January, 1920.

OLD ENGLISH BALLADS (1553-1625), by H. E. Rollins. (Camb. University Press, 18s. 6d. net). We are afraid that the merits of these ballads hardly justify the expensive form in which they appear, especially in these times of paper shortage. They have a certain interest, it is true, but one must have let his enthusiasm swamp his judgment before one could write "no better ballad was ever written" of the miserable doggerel on pp. 88-100. The explanations given by the editor are meant evidently for beginners of slight intelligence, and he has neglected to indicate some obvious errors in his text which make nonsense of it, as on p. 327 st. 8, l. 1, of what is indeed "a verie pretie soung" though it is decidedly not "a splendid amatory lyric." "Home" makes nonsense of the line, it is Hope that comforts the doleful lover. The ballads are worth printing, of course, but the cheaper and handier the form, the better.

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SPORT

There is a discussion in the Press on the present cost of golf. Golf is undoubtedly expensive; but all hobbies are, and in these days we must expect to pay heavily for our pleasures. Smoking is expensive, but that does not seem to limit the number of smokers. And the mention of smoking brings us to the heart of the problem. It isn't "golf" that is expensive—though it costs more than it used to—so much as "golfing"—all those little accessories which go to make golf so popular with a great many people. So long as players require a luxurious club-house, good lunches, liqueurs, cigars, and a number of special clubs they seldom use, golf will remain an expensive, though very delightful, luxury. We know a man who bought over 100 putters in the hope of finding just the one that would suit him. Each new club was a success for a while; then he fell back into his old habit of missing the hole.

The M.C.C. continue to do well, though a victory over Queensland can hardly be considered a triumph, even when so decisively gained as that of the beginning of this week. Indeed, the collapse of the English team after the fall of the fifth wicket was surprising. Mr. Douglas and Rhodes compiled large scores, but at an appallingly slow speed. Mr. Douglas was ever a careful bat, and Rhodes has now become over-cautious, never daring to take any risks. Between them, with an aggregate score of 246, they only managed to hit eleven fours. Perhaps the extreme heat was partly responsible for this lack of enterprise, or the engagement was not taken very seriously, as an occasion to "go all out."

The fifteen to represent Cambridge against Oxford at Queen's Club on Tuesday has been chosen, and as last year's blue, Mr. K. R. J. Saxon, will not be fit enough to fill the right wing three-quarter position, his place is being taken by Mr. Hamilton-Wickes. The Cambridge team is fair, but weak in the three-quarter line, and this is where the Oxford side will probably prove superior. Their three-quarters have considerably improved in combination of late, though their play is still "spotty," and Mr. Waldo at half is likely to give them some good chances. If the weather is dry, we shall expect Oxford to win. Two of the Oxford backs, we notice, have been chosen for the Scottish trials, and Mr. Waldo is a likely International, eligible for both England and Wales.

It seems early days to be writing of rowing, but training has indeed already begun, and the Oxford and Cambridge Trial Eights are busy on the Thames and Ouse. Rowing is a very exacting sport, involving a tremendously long spell of training and dieting, and the strain on the heart is bound to tell in after years. We know an old Cambridge rowing blue who put his shoulder out with the first stroke in the 'Varsity Race, yet he rowed the whole contest through. On the face of things Oxford ought to turn out a strong boat in the spring, as seven of last year's blues are again available.

The Universities are much to the fore at present in sport. In addition to next Tuesday's Rugby match, the Trial Eights, Golf, and the Association match at the end of next week, there is the Cross-Country Running match to be held at Roehampton on the same Saturday, also the Relay Races held yesterday at Fenners. The Cambridge golf team scored a decisive victory over the Royal Worlington and Newmarket Club last Monday. Their Association team is one of the best for several years, and played a great game against the Corinthians last Saturday.

Last week we commented on the disgraceful conduct of football crowds, and blamed a system which allows betting on results of matches. But fault also lies with those professionals who allow—and are encour-

aged to do so by the pernicious system of payment—mercenary considerations to usurp all others. The dead rate of pay for the best class of professional footballers is, we believe, £10 a week, and this is paid to them all the year round, so that in the summer, by turning their leisure to good account, they can make very handsome sums. But in addition to the £10 a week, they are paid £2 bonus for every match won and £1 for every one drawn—a direct encouragement to unscrupulous play.

Besides these emoluments, they have all their expenses paid for them while touring, and stay at the best hotels. In shameful contrast stands the lot of the referee, who gets but two guineas a match. This is another direct invitation to corruption and unfairness. Now that the sport has been degraded into a money-grubbing competition, it is too late to rescue it from the depths. Pray Heaven Rugby and other games do not go the same way! It is to be feared, however, that this will eventually happen. The Northern Union already buy and sell players, and "bookies" recently made their appearance on a golf course.

Steeplechasing has begun somewhat tamely, which is no matter for surprise, as this is usually the case. The best horses, except perhaps two or three that have run at the Liverpool Meeting, seldom appear until after Christmas, and many are kept in retirement until the weights for the Grand National have been published. A number of owners who have not hitherto raced under National Hunt rules are sending horses to be schooled, and several animals with some pretensions to a little "class" are included; but this is almost, if not exclusively for hurdles, and it is steeplechasers that are chiefly wanted. Hurdlers, however, are better than none, and whilst prizes of advanced value will be offered to encourage them, more horses will doubtless appear to run for the higher stakes. As regards hurdling, a course of it often has a salutary effect on a horse who is disinclined to do his best on the flat. Why this should be so is not clear, but it is proved by experience. The standing puzzle is why horses who can barely stay five furlongs should easily win two mile races over jumps.

Statistics of winning owners, winning trainers, winning sires, horses and jockeys, are occupying the attention of the racing world, a peculiarity being that nobody seems to consider that his luck has been good. Sir Robert Jardine should be entirely content to find himself at the head of the winning owner list after his long and constant experience of the other end of it; but he is esteemed unfortunate for the reason that his Cinna was beaten just a neck for the Oaks. Bad luck of several descriptions is supposed to have befallen Lord Derby, second on the list. The hard ground at Epsom left permanent effects on Archaic, who it is supposed, would about have won had the luck been the other way. Illness affected his stable, at Liverpool his March Along was beaten because his jockey did not know where the winning post was, and the same colt is considered to have had bad luck in missing the last important stake of the season, the Manchester November Handicap, by a short head.

As to that, if Lord Zetland's horse had been beaten a short head instead of winning by that margin, he would have been rated as the victim of bad luck, and it is by no means certain that the element of luck comes in at all. Sir William Nelson, third on the list, has to regret that though his colt Tangiers was awarded the Ascot Cup, he gained the trophy on an objection, and was unable to demonstrate that he was the best animal in the race. Mr. Walter Raphael comes fourth, and his luck was badly out when his Allenby, fondly believed to have no equal among the three-year-olds, was prevented by lameness from affording evidence of it; and those lower down in the list have much more obvious reason for dissatisfaction.

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MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BEXHILL-ON-SEA.—Required, January, important recognized boarding school, RESIDENT MISTRESS. good mathematics, science and botany. Good salary, annual rise. Further particulars, stating age, religion, parentage, qualifications, with photo., to PRINCIPAL, St. Ives.

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CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE takes few BOYS at his home at seaside (West). Term or holidays. Individual care and tuition. Full particulars and references, Box 55, c/o SATURDAY REVIEW, 9, King Street, W.C.2.

AT MENSTONE HOUSE, NEWBURY, Miss D. Ventham, M.A. Lond. (late of St. Mary's Hall, Cheltenham) receives Girls for good modern education and home life. Individual care. Excellent situation, beautiful grounds.

ST. ZITA'S DOMESTIC TRAINING SCHOOL in connection with GRASSEDALE, SOUTHBOURNE, will be OPENED in JANUARY next. Mistress in charge, Miss Moinet, 1st class diploma, Edinburgh School of Cookery.—Prospectus and full information on application to Miss Lumby, Grassendale, Southbourne, Bournemouth.

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 Sole Lessees: Chappell and Co., Ltd.
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
 MONDAY NEXT, at 8.
 Conductor - - - - - ALBERT COATES.
 Solo Violin - - - - - PAUL KOCHANSKI.
 Tickets, 12s., 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. and 2s. 4d.
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WIGMORE HALL.
 WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, at 3.15.
RALPH LAWTON.
 PIANOFORTE RECITAL.
 Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., and 3s., at Hall and Agents'.
 L. G. SHARPE, 61, Regent Street, W.1.

WIGMORE HALL.
THE HARMONIC TRIO,
 DOROTHEA WALENN, EDITH VANCE, OLIVE BYRNE.
 CHAMBER CONCERT,
 WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, at 8.15.
 Assisted by DOUGLAS MARSHALL.
 Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., and 2s. 4d., at Hall and Agents',
 L. G. SHARPE, 61, Regent Street, W.1. Gerrard 5564.

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THE MEREDYLL PIANOFORTE QUARTET,
 MARGUERITE MEREDYLL - - - Piano.
 BESSIE RAWLINS - - - Violin.
 RAYMOND JEREMY - - - Viola.
 EMILE DOEHAERD - - - 'Cello.
 THIRD AND LAST CONCERT, THURSDAY NEXT, at 8.15.
 Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 2s. 4d., at Hall and Agents'.
 L. G. SHARPE, 61, Regent Street, W.1. Gerrard 5564.

WIGMORE HALL.
 TO-NIGHT, at 8.15.
RHODA BACKHOUSE
 Assisted by FELIX SALMOND and HAROLD SAMUEL and PLUNKET GREENE.
 At the Piano - - - - - S. LIDDLE.
 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 2s. 4d.
 IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1.

ÆOLIAN HALL.
 MONDAY NEXT, at 3.15.
BERTRAM BINYON.
 VOCAL RECITAL.
 At the Piano - - - HAROLD CRAXTON.
 Tickets, 12s., 5s. 9d., and 3s.
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ÆOLIAN HALL.
 THURSDAY NEXT, at 8.
MARGARITA MACKERRAS.
 VOCAL RECITAL.
 Assisted by HAROLD SAMUEL (Solo Pianoforte).
 G. PLAYFORD (Flute). At the piano, T. LIDDLE.
 Tickets, 8s. 6d., 5s. 9d., and 3s.
 IBBS and TILLET, 19, Hanover Square, W.1.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT

Estbd. SOCIETY. 1849.

THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE
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ASSETS £42,000,000.

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MODERATE PREMIUMS
LIBERAL CONDITIONS
WORLD-WIDE POLICIES
EVERY YEAR A BONUS YEAR

Whole Life Policies, 20 years in force, show average increase of the sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent.

Endowment Assurance Results also unsurpassed.

London Office:

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If you want to feel Happier this Xmas

make someone else happy. Brighten the miserable lives of heroic British Merchant Seamen rendered destitute, also their wives and kiddies.

320 Incapacitated Merchant Seamen,
887 Widows,
1,100 Dependents and Children

are facing hunger, cold, and hardships with the barest means of existence. Will you help them by sending a donation to

THOS. SCOTT, Secretary,
British Merchant Seamen and
their Dependents' Fund
Tower Building, LIVERPOOL

AN ENDOWMENT ASSURANCE POLICY

will enable your family to redeem the mortgage on your house if you die,
and
will enable you to pay it yourself if you live.

INSURE WITH THE
PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

INSURANCE

A feature of outstanding interest during the past month from the point of view of social welfare has been the beginning of the National Scheme of Insurance against Unemployment, under the Unemployment Insurance Act of 1920. As compared with about 4,000,000 people insured against unemployment under the Act of 1911, the new scheme includes a total of about 12,000,000 people, of whom 8,333,000 are men, and 3,430,000 are women.

The plan for collecting the contributions is similar to that adopted in the scheme of National Health Insurance, namely, an unemployment book to which stamps are to be affixed by the employer. The proportion of the several weekly contributions is as follows:—

	Employer	Worker	State
	d.	d.	d.
Men of 18 or upwards	... 4	4	2
Women do.	... 3½	3	1½
Boys of 16 and under 18	... 2	2	1½
Girls do.	... 2	1½	1

The weekly rates of unemployment benefit are, for men, 15s.; women, 12s.; boys, 7s. 6d.; and girls, 6s. During the first year after the beginning of the scheme the benefit may be drawn up to a period of eight weeks by any one in respect of whom not less than four contributions have been paid. After the first year not less than twelve contributions must have been paid in respect of a worker to entitle him to draw the benefit, the maximum period during which it is receivable being fifteen weeks in respect of any insurance year, there being the further limitation of one week's benefit for every six contributions.

For the purposes of the Act, there is to be established an "Unemployment Fund," into which are to be paid all contributions payable by employers and employed persons and moneys provided by Parliament and out of which all claims for unemployment benefit are to be paid, as well as any other outgo payable from the fund. If it appears to the Treasury at any time that the unemployment fund is in danger of becoming insolvent, the Minister, if so directed by the Treasury, is to make temporary modifications in any of the rates of contribution, or the rates or periods of unemployment benefit, and during such period as the Minister thinks fit. This is satisfactory provision, because of the importance of a scheme of the kind being self-supporting, and because of the extreme difficulty, amounting almost to an impossibility, of exactly estimating in advance the cost of an experiment of such magnitude.

The Government has employed the best expert advice, and has had the most complete information obtainable in framing its estimates; but we imagine the experts engaged will be the first to admit that one of the most difficult factors to estimate in forecasting the cost of any insurance scheme, is the effect of the scheme itself upon the conditions to which it applies. There is an old and well known axiom that "insurance breeds claims," the fact being that notification is almost invariably imperfect, when nothing is to be gained by it. That is to say, until a particular contingency entitles a person to receive compensation if he notifies it, or entails a penalty if he conceals it, there is no certainty that it will be notified at all. Hence the true cost of the scheme can only be learned by actual experience, and even so, it will naturally vary in course of time with fluctuations in the general conditions of trade and industry.

Rightly considered, all these schemes are so many additions to the remuneration of labour, subject to the condition that such additions shall be applied to the purchase of protection against deferred or uncertain contingencies instead of being dissipated in present enjoyments.

National Diamond Factories

(BERNARD OPPENHEIMER), LIMITED.

(Incorporated in England under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917).

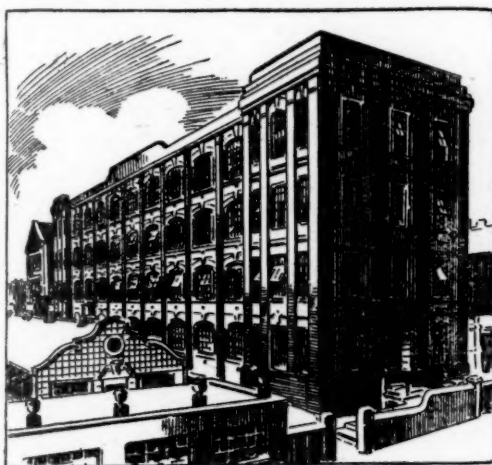
**ON MONDAY NEXT AN ISSUE OF
£1,000,000 8 per cent. Six-Year Convertible
Secured Notes at par**

WILL BE ADVERTISED IN THE LONDON AND PROVINCIAL NEWSPAPERS.

The Notes will be Repayable at 105 per Cent.

Holders of the notes will have the right up to 1st January 1924 to convert their holdings into Ordinary Shares of the Company at par.

**Actual
minimum yield
£8 16s. 8d.
per cent.**



**Actual
maximum yield
£9 5s. 0d.
per cent.**

The East Factory at Brighton.

Other Factories at FORT WILLIAM, CAMBRIDGE and WREXHAM.

**The Notes will be fully secured, as the net assets of the Company exceed
£1,300,000, to which will be added the proceeds of the issue.**

Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, the Managing Director, estimates that, when 2,000 diamond workers are employed, for which number the factories are equipped, the profits should amount to not less than £400,000 per annum.

**The whole of the Issued Ordinary Share Capital of the Company was subscribed
for at par in cash.**

Trustees for the Noteholders: BARCLAYS BANK, LIMITED.

Directors:

BERNARD OPPENHEIMER, Chairman of Directors and Managing Director of the South African Diamond Corporation, Limited, Chairman and Managing Director, Halton House, Holborn, E.C.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CHICHESTER, Director of Union Bank of Australia, Limited, Stanmer Park, Lewes.

H. SCOTT DENNINGTON, Director of Lewis and Marks (Diamond Branch), Limited, 60, Whitehall Court, London, S.W.

SIR W. B. GENTLE, Director of London General Omnibus Co., Ltd., 6, Chichester Terrace, Brighton.

ISAAC LEWIS, Chairman of Lewis and Marks, Limited, Vereeniging House, Vereeniging, South Africa.*

C. M. OPPENHEIMER, Barrister-at-Law, Sefton Park, Stoke Poges, Bucks.

C. F. ROWSELL, Director of the South African Diamond Corporation, Limited, Ridge Green House, South Nutfield.

*In the absence of Mr. ISAAC LEWIS in South Africa, Mr. HENRY D. LEWIS, a Member of the London Committee of National Bank of South Africa, Limited, 34, Bishopsgate, London, E.C., will act as alternate Director.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the following:—

Bankers:

BARCLAYS BANK, LIMITED, 20-23, Holborn, E.C.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL & UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LTD., Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, Fort William.

NATIONAL BANK OF SOUTH AFRICA, LTD., London Wall Buildings, London, E.C., and South Africa

Brokers:

BELISHA, SHAW AND CO., 63, Old Broad Street, E.C. (and Stock Exchange).

GREENER, DREYFUS AND CO., 451, Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C. (and Stock Exchange).

FYSHE AND HORTON, 3, Temple Row West, Birmingham (and Stock Exchange).

DIMMOCK BROTHERS AND COWTAN, 21, Spring Gardens, Manchester (and Stock Exchange).

Secretary and Registered Offices - - E. J. JENKINSON, Halton House, Holborn, London, E.C.

SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND CORPORATION, LTD.

LARGE INCREASE IN PROFITS.

PRESIDING at the seventh ordinary general meeting of the South African Diamond Corporation, Ltd., held on the 30th ult. at Brighton, Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer, chairman of the company, moved the adoption of the report and accounts. He said that the profit earned for the year was £131,306, against £44,472 for 1919. The large increase over last year's figures in shares in other companies from £257,181 to £773,652 was almost entirely due to the investment of £400,000 in £1 shares in the National Diamond Factories. For the year under review they had left an undivided profit of £55,088. This amount was, however, subject to Excess Profits Duty. The business of the Corporation, although a certain slackness in all trades had set in, continued to be of a profitable nature, and it was with the utmost satisfaction that he was able to state that they were in a position to keep up their dividends of 50 per cent. per annum if they were not mulcted in Excess Profits and other duties. The Board were confident of being able further materially to increase the prosperity, and consequently the earning power, of the Corporation. The diamond market was, at the moment, very slack, but with over 40 years of experience behind him he could say that there was nothing wrong with it at all, and that it would recover its old buoyancy in the near future.

DIAMONDS AS AN INVESTMENT.

The diamond was an absolutely sound investment, without bulk, and easily negotiable. If this investment side of the diamond were only generally recognised it would not be long before producing companies would have to look round to find more diamond mines to satisfy the demand. During the first nine months of the year under review there was an unprecedented demand for diamonds, and the directors took full opportunity of this demand to increase the profits of the corporation. At the present time the industry, although slack, was never in a more healthy condition. It was to be hoped that the Government would listen to every business man's just complaint with regard to the Excess Profits Duty and repeal a most unjust and iniquitous tax. As the directors were not able to tell the shareholders what the Corporation's taxation was likely to be they were some what in the dark as to what would be the fairest way of dealing with declarations of dividends. The views of his colleagues were that they should postpone the payment of any dividends until June 30, as they considered that they should not deplete their cash resources before they knew what they had to pay to the Government. Desiring that the shareholders should not be disappointed, he had proposed to his co-directors (and they had agreed) to declare a dividend that day at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum for the six months ending December 31.

TAXATION RELIEF PROSPECTS.

He hoped that at June 30, 1921, the position of affairs generally, so far as taxation was concerned, would have improved so that the Corporation would be enabled to pay the usual dividend of 50 per cent. per annum; and the remaining 25 per cent., which it was now proposed to keep in reserve for eventualities. The Diamond Cutting Works, in which the Corporation held an interest of 30 per cent., would be a very paying investment for the shareholders in the near future. There was a ready sale for the diamonds all over the world. The diamond cutting scheme was capable of great extension, to carry out which the National Diamond Factories were going to the public for a further £1,000,000 in 8 per cent. six-year convertible secured notes at par, which notes would be exchangeable at any time before January 1, 1924, into shares at par, or they would be paid off after January, 1924, in three yearly instalments. Some new interests in South Africa which promised fair results had lately been taken up.

WORKMEN—EMPLOYMENT CONDITIONS.

In conclusion the Chairman said:—

With regard to our workmen, you have all had an opportunity of watching them at work, and you have seen the conditions under which they are employed. As far as the wages are concerned, I recognise one thing, and that is that every man has the same right as I have, or as you have, to earn as much money legitimately as his capacity of work entitles him to—(Hear, hear)—and in the furtherance of our work this will be our guiding principle. We do not care a bit what a man earns so long as he shows us a profit, and we hope in a few years' time to spend a minimum of between £600,000 and £1,000,000 in wages. I believe the scheme, as I have mentioned before, is capable of great extension, and I, as well as my co-directors, will do our best to bring about this extension if we get the loyal support of our shareholders. The scheme which I have outlined to you will be advertised shortly, and shareholders on the register of our corporation will receive priority in their applications for these notes.

Mr. C. F. Rowsell seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

THE CITY

For the moment at all events the recent bout of liquidation on the Stock Exchange appears to have spent its force. A few individual securities are now showing signs of recuperative energy, but the expected general rebound has yet to develop. The trouble just now is that professional operators are loth to commit themselves, the more so that in the absence of the usual loan facilities they have only their immediate resources wherewith to finance their purchases. It follows naturally that in the absence of a lead the public stand aside and, having nothing better to do, members of the House indulge in gloomy forebodings regarding the future. There is little about these forebodings that is new; the history of pre-war days is simply repeating itself, with the important difference that to-day we have no "open account," so that apart from the scarcity of business, members really have little to worry about. Business will develop again in due course, and, if it does so only gradually, there will be all the more likelihood of its continuance.

As we stated last week, there are several favourable factors of a lasting nature to be taken into consideration. When their time comes for recognition, they will doubtless be exaggerated, in accordance with custom, just as unfavourable factors are at the present moment being exaggerated. The great hindrance to-day is, of course, the Floating Debt problem, the necessity for a solution of which is becoming increasingly pressing. This incubus necessarily militates against general confidence, if only because of the preliminary uncertainty as to what measures will be adopted to remove it. But it is well not to lose sight of the fact that, however painful may be the process decided upon, the air will at least be cleared. Then too other provisions of the next Finance Bill will soon be within the range of practical politics; and in view of the disabilities with which industry is burdened in this current fiscal year it is a reasonable assumption that some more equitable form of taxation will be devised. As to the more immediate future, in addition to the seventy millions sterling disbursed by the Government during the past week, many millions more will be distributed by various undertakings in the current month. Quite a considerable proportion of this will in the ordinary course of events be devoted to reinvestment, while a further not inconsiderable proportion will be applied to the liquidation of bankers' loans, which will all make for financial strength. Altogether, the general outlook is far from being so black as many would have us suppose.

It would appear that Mr. J. H. Thomas is out to make our flesh creep. If that is his object, he has certainly achieved some measure of success, so far as the Home Railway market is concerned. It is a question, however, if he has not been taken over-seriously. His predicted "big fight" may not inconceivably be conducted with words instead of actions, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that this is what he intended to convey. In any case it is not easy to see any particular objection to the men having "a voice in the management" of the lines, so long as the balance is evenly held; such a course might, indeed, be fruitful of beneficial results. It has been frequently shown of late years, too, that responsibility begets common-sense.

Is common with other sections of the House, that devoted to Mexican Railway securities has experienced a sharp set-back recently, and the Mexican bond market is in little better condition. This has occasioned a good deal of disappointment among the many who purchased a short time back for a quick profit, and complaints are being heard regarding the tardiness of the Mexican Government in dealing with its obligations. It is as well, however, to remember that the President-Elect will not take office until the end of the year, and that means some delay in reforms. In the

meantime, reports from the Republic are consistently satisfactory. A steadily increasing output is shown from both mining and oil operations; the grain crops are expanding; and it is now being predicted that for the first time in several years Mexico will have cotton, not only for home consumption, but for export as well. In a word, the new Government headed by De la Huerta has accomplished in less than six months what Carranza failed to do in six years; it has pacified the country. If, as seems probable, Senor Obregon maintains the present policy, the outlook will be bright.

At the annual meeting of the South African Diamond Corporation, Ltd., it was satisfactory to learn from the Chairman that the new Diamond cutting and polishing business established in Brighton by Mr. Bernard Oppenheimer is making first-class progress. Mr. Oppenheimer is to be congratulated on the manner in which his faith has been justified. He has done far more than merely establish a profit-earning business. He has proved the good angel of hundreds of disabled men who, but for his enterprise, might be in despair about earning a livelihood.

As a contributor to the world's gold requirements, Rhodesia has always been a land of great promise and poor results, as many know to their cost. That the promise will ultimately be redeemed by performance there is little indication at present. On the other hand, it seems probable that Rhodesia has a future from an agricultural point of view. This being so, it is of particular interest to learn that an information and publicity bureau is about to be established with a view to making the country's progress and possibilities more generally known. The fertility of the great bulk of the soil is demonstrated beyond all question, but one of the drawbacks in the past has been the lack of white settlers. Apparently this trouble is now being slowly righted, for it is stated that during the first nine months of the present year there were 3,172 new settlers "of a very high standard" against 1,825 for the same period last year. Had the many millions that have been swallowed up by Rhodesian gold propositions been applied to agricultural development, Chartered shares would probably have been something more than a mere market counter to-day.

In this connection it is of interest to note the announcement in the report just issued by the directors of De Beers Consolidated Mines that in pursuance of the company's policy of industrial expansion at the Somerset West factory the production of fertilisers is to be undertaken. This, of course, has been a more or less open secret for some months past, but it may be added that the plant now being installed is designed for production on a very large scale. The accounts of this company cover what may be described as a period "luxury," and necessarily make a very fine display. The diamond account at £6,762,000 is higher by nearly a million, so that, although interest and other sundries are appreciably lower, the available balance at £7,886,900 shows a gain of £841,000. A point not quite clear is that, while expenditure under the heading of mining is practically doubled, the stocks of blue ground at eight and a-half million loads are practically unchanged. The statement that despite the lull in the demand for the stones, their price is maintained conveys little, for the reason that they cannot be considered a free market in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Of greater significance as regards the future is the fall in the share quotation to about £13, after being more than twice that figure earlier in the year.

All concerned are to be congratulated upon the terms offered in settlement of the Baldwins-Sperling dispute, and particularly those whose strenuous efforts have brought about the offer. The trouble, it will be recalled, was connected with the action of the Government in increasing the Excess Profits Duty from 40 to 60 per cent., a step which had not been anticipated when the original negotiations were put through. Apparently any shareholders in Baldwins who still are not

satisfied can take legal action independently. It is interesting to note that under the terms of the settlement Baldwins will supply the Northumberland Shipbuilding Company with steel for a certain period of years. This alone seems to suggest that there has been a certain amount of give-and-take on both sides.

It is good news for shareholders in Nitrate companies that an agreement has now been arranged between the directorate of the Nitrate Producers' Association and the German producers. This means that, when the agreement is ratified, 97½ per cent. of the producers will be in the Association. With the threatened German competition thus removed the outlook for the share market is greatly improved, and will be still more so, should the present efforts to get the American producers in be successful. The ultimate influence of the synthetic product should not be overlooked, but this does not seem likely to be a serious factor yet awhile.

Bovril, Ltd., are making a public issue this week-end of a hundred thousand preferred ordinary £1 shares at par in Estates Control, Ltd. This concern is so soundly established in the public esteem that it needs no further recommendation in these columns.

THE NATIONAL DIAMOND FACTORIES (BERNARD OPPENHEIMER) LTD.

On Monday next a prospectus will be issued, offering 1,000,000 Eight per cent. Six-year Convertible Secured Notes at par, repayable at 105 per cent. (unless previously converted into ordinary shares) by annual drawings after 1st January, 1924.

The following are among the salient points of the prospectus:—

(1) The holders of the Notes will have the right up to 1st January, 1924, to convert them into ordinary shares of the company at par.

(2) The net assets of the Company on which the Notes are secured amount to over £1,300,000, before adding the proceeds of this issue. Besides the freehold and leasehold land and buildings, the assets consist largely of diamonds in various stages of manufacture, which may be considered one of the most liquid forms of security.

(3) The Company will not create any charge ranking in priority to or equally with these Notes.

(4) An estimated net profit of £90,000 was earned by the Company during the first six months of the present year, during which period only 700 men were employed. The managing director states that when 2,000 men, for whom the factories are equipped, are fully employed, the profits should amount to not less than £400,000 per annum. This sum would represent a return of 25 per cent. on the ordinary share capital after payment of the interest on the Notes.

(5) The whole of the issued ordinary share capital of the Company was subscribed for at par in cash.

SAFEGUARDS HEALTH

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

A true palliative in NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

AGENTS LIKE A CHARM IN

DIARRHOEA,

COLIC,

and kindred summer ailments

The Best Remedy known for

COUGHS, COLDS,

Asthma, Bronchitis.

Always ask for a

"DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

Of all Chemists, 1/5, 3/-

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

No part of the Issue included in this Offer has been underwritten.

The special permission of the Committee of the Stock Exchange to deal in these Shares will be applied for.
The List of Applications for purchase will close on or before Thursday, the 9th day of December, 1920.

BOVRIL LIMITED

OFFER FOR SALE

100,000 8% PREFERRED ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH IN ESTATES CONTROL, LIMITED.

BOVRIL LIMITED, who have acquired the 100,000 Eight per cent Preferred Ordinary Shares at par, will receive applications for the purchase of the said Shares, payable as follows:—

Upon Application	2s. 6d. Share.
Upon Acceptance	7s. 6d. "
On 1st. February, 1921	5s. 0d. "
On 1st May, 1921	5s. 0d. "
			<u>£1 0s. 0d.</u>

THE CAPITAL OF ESTATES CONTROL, LIMITED (Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900), is **£520,000**, divided into—

24,950 5½ per cent. Preference Shares of £10 each, all of which have been issued are fully paid.
250,000 8 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Shares of £1 each, of which 150,000 were issued in September and November, 1920, at par, to Shareholders in Estates Control, Limited, and Bovril Limited and the balance of 100,000 are now offered for sale, and 102,500 Ordinary Shares of 4s. each, all of which are owned by Bovril Limited.

It is intended to pay dividends on the Shares now offered half-yearly, viz.: on 30th June and 31st December, but the first dividend will be payable on 30th June, 1921, and will rank with the 100,000 8 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Shares issued on 24th September last, which Shares were paid up, as to 5s. on 24th September, 1920, and as to 5s. on 1st November, 1920, and allottees of the present issue will thus have the advantage of ranking for dividend as if their instalments up to 10s. per Share had been paid on those dates instead of the dates fixed by this offer.

Estates Control, Limited, was incorporated in 1903, and is an associated Company of Bovril, Limited. It has holdings in the Bovril Estates Companies and in Virol, Limited, and holds large stocks of raw material, principally for Bovril Limited.

Estates Control, Limited, has since incorporation paid regular dividends on its Preference Shares, and large dividends on its Ordinary Shares, the net profits for the financial year, viz., 1919, being £45,846 10s. 9d. and after meeting all dividends the carry-forward into the accounts for 1920 is £68,063 1s. 1d. The Directors of Estates Control, Limited, estimate that the profits for the year 1920 will exceed those of 1919, and it is anticipated that the £250,000 new capital provided by the issue of the 250,000 8 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Shares will also earn satisfactory profits.

Only £13,722 10s. is required to meet the dividends on the 24,950 £10 5½ per cent. Preference Shares, and when fully paid up the sum required to meet the

dividend on the 8 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Shares will be £20,000.

The 8 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Shares now offered are entitled to a fixed cumulative preferential dividend at the rate of £8 per cent. per annum on the capital for the time being paid up on such Shares, and in a winding-up rank, both as regards capital and dividend, in priority to the Ordinary Shares. The holders of these Shares are entitled to attend all meetings of the Company and have one vote for each share held.

If any application be not accepted in respect of the full number of Shares applied for, the surplus amount paid on application will be appropriated towards the amount payable on acceptance, and any balance will be returned to the Applicant, and if any application be not accepted the deposit will be returned in full.

Applicants desirous of paying in advance of calls will be paid interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum.

A brokerage of 4d. per Share will be paid on allotment made in respect of applications bearing the stamp of a Broker.

Application will be made in due course to the London Stock Exchange for an official quotation of the Shares now offered for sale.

Particulars of this Offer for Sale and Application Forms may be obtained from your Broker, from Bovril Limited, or from the Bankers.

LONDON, 4th December, 1920.

ESTATES CONTROL, LIMITED.

DIRECTORS.—Sir GEORGE LAWSON JOHNSTON (Chairman).

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., F.R.S.

SOLICITORS.—NEISH, HOWELL & HALDANE, 47, Watling Street, London, E.C.4.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.—F. M. BARRINGTON, 152-166, Old Street, London, E.C.

W. E. LAWSON JOHNSTON.

DOUGLAS WALKER.

LONDON, E.C.4.

Applications for purchase must be made on the accompanying Form and sent together with the amount payable on application to the Bankers of Bovril Limited, viz.:—

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, 222, Strand, London, W.C.2, Head Office and Branches; or

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER & PARK'S BANK, LIMITED, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.2, Head Office and Branches.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR PURCHASE OF SHARES.

To BOVRIL LIMITED, 148-166, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £.....being a deposit of 2/6 per Share on application for.....8 per cent. Preferred Ordinary Shares under the above offer for sale, I/we offer to purchase that number of such Shares at par, and I/we undertake and agree to accept such Shares or any less number of Shares in respect of which you may accept this offer upon the terms of the Particulars of Offer dated 4th December, 1920, and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the said Company, and to pay the sum of 7/6 per Share on acceptance, and the balance in the manner specified in the said Particulars of Offer, and I/we authorise you to procure me/us to be entered on the Register of the Company as the holder of such Shares.

I/we hereby declare that this application is not made by or for the benefit of an enemy subject within the meaning of the Trading with the Enemy (Amendment) Act, 1916, or with whom trading is forbidden under any Proclamation relating to Trading with the Enemy.

PLEASE { Signature
WRITE { Name (in full)
(State if Mr., Mrs. or Miss)
DISTINCTLY. { Address (in full)
Description or Occupation

This Form to be sent entire with the deposit of 2/6 per Share on the number of Shares applied for to one of the Bankers above mentioned.

Cheques should be drawn to "Bearer" and crossed.

Any alteration from "Order" to "Bearer" must be authenticated by the Drawer's signature.

An acknowledgment will be forwarded in due course either by Acceptance Letter or return of the deposit.